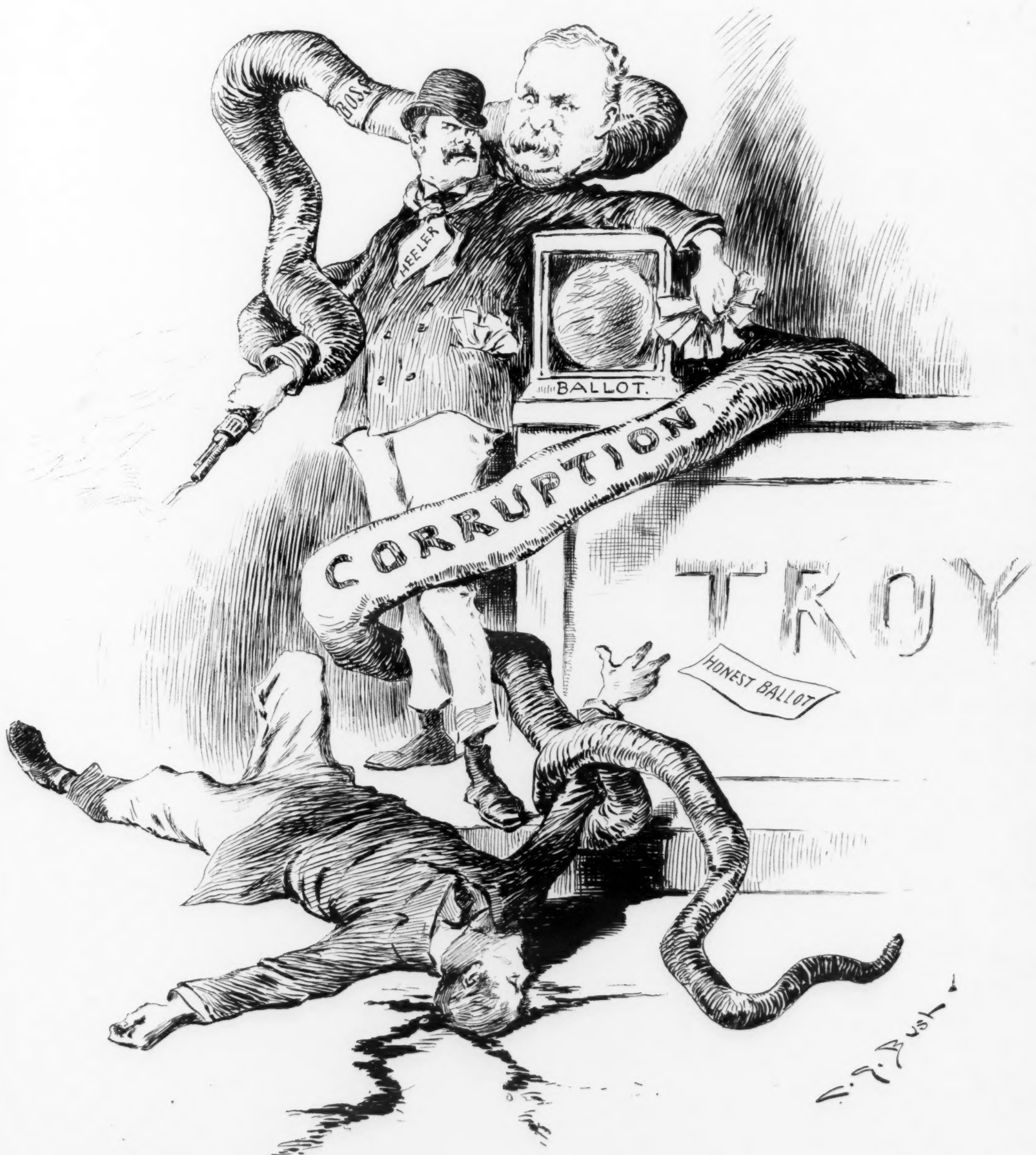


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VICTIM. CULPRIT. CRIMINAL.

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The Climax of Bossism.



HOSE who a few weeks ago thought that the trial and conviction of Boss McKane for gross violation of the suffrage on election day was the climax of extreme bossism were greatly mistaken.

The delegation from Brooklyn that visited Gravesend on election day were merely browbeaten and badly hammered, but they were not assassinated. The city of Troy, New York, claims distinction in the North for having carried out, under the supervision and direction of one of the leading bosses of this State, that which the followers of McKane were afraid to do. It was inevitable that the system Troy developed should at some time have resulted in bloodshed.

Good citizens who quietly allowed their suffrages to be taken from them, who have looked upon their fellow-citizen, Edward Murphy, with respect because in all private and personal relations he was an excellent citizen, cannot be altogether excused from their indirect share in this bloody termination to their municipal election. It was very natural for the repeaters, when they found that they could not repeat without the protest of good citizens, to use whatever weapon was handiest and whatever weapon was most deadly against these citizens.

It was not the fact that citizens have broken the law by carrying concealed weapons, as the Troy Daily Press would have us believe, that caused bloodshed; and it is a shame that such a paper as the Troy Press, able and courageous in other matters, on the day following the election should excuse bloodshed on such a flimsy pretext.

The question of party is of but little concern when the purity of the ballot-box is at stake. It makes no difference in the crime whether it be committed by Republican or Democrat. Another lesson has been taught, which this paper has earnestly pleaded for; it is the lesson that in order to preserve the purity of the ballot personal authority must be used not only by the leaders but by the followers in each party, to the end that their party does not infringe the purity of the ballot in the slightest degree.

Troy has had a terrible lesson, but it was only through the blood of Robert Ross that the good name of the city could be restored. The citizens of that place, in two large mass-meetings, have publicly arraigned Edward Murphy, junior Senator from New York, as a man whose system of leadership, whose extenuation of the methods of his followers, has brought about this fatal result.

The matter should not be allowed to rest with the conviction of the man who fired the shot that killed Robert Ross. The people of Troy are fair-minded and just; and if they find that Edward Murphy is the real cause or the indirect cause of this bloody affair, they can be trusted in doing their duty. The citizens of Troy are patriotic; they will retire Edward Murphy to private life, if they believe his place is there, with as much energy and zeal as they advanced him to public life.

Unanimity in Juries.



THE fact that John Y. McKane is at last in prison to suffer the penalty of a crime that strikes at the foundations of free government has brought a sense of relief to the mind of the whole country. In view of our accepted methods of criminal justice it seemed too much to expect that a political leader, with a large personal following, should be actually convicted and sent to prison, within a few months, for a crime so widely prevalent, and committed so long with impunity. In this country and in England—alone among civilized nations—no man can be convicted of a grave crime unless every one of twelve men, selected by very imperfect methods shall concur. One man out of the twelve, by whatever motives he may be controlled, can absolutely block the

course of justice. And in New York, under its present judicial system, it seems to be required that there shall also be substantial unanimity in the judges, forty-six in number, throughout the whole State, for after twelve jurors had agreed the State was scourged to find a judge who might be prevailed upon to grant a stay. If one had been found the whole moral force of the conviction would have been lost in a maze of legal technicalities.

That these dangers have been escaped in this important trial ought to direct public attention to the question whether we are safe in adhering to the traditional requirement of unanimity in juries. The origin of it cannot be satisfactorily traced. The reasonableness of it has been challenged by the wisest minds. In Etkelred's laws there is this provision: "Let doom stand where the twelve senior thanes are of one voice; if they disagree, let that stand which eight of them say, and let those who are there outvoted pay each of them six half-marks." Evelyn in 1730 eloquently advocated the abolition of the rule of unanimity. Hallam declared it to be "a preposterous relic of barbarism." The English common-law commissioners in 1831 condemned it, and advised that after twelve hours' deliberation the verdict of nine should be taken. Dr. Lieber, in his work on civil liberty and self-government, earnestly opposed it. Jeremy Bentham, in his "Essay on the Art of Packing Juries," denounced it as "no less extraordinary than barbarous." Judge Cooley declared it to be "repugnant to all experience of human passions, conduct, and understanding." It has been assailed in executive messages from time to time as an unique absurdity. And yet in a large majority of the States of this Union it still exists, and a popular impression prevails that it is in some mysterious way a palladium of our liberties.

This is a mere delusion. The world has outgrown it. Even in Scotland, since 1854, it has been provided that in civil cases, after six hours of deliberation, a verdict of three-fourths may be taken. And in British India the code of criminal procedure of 1882 makes a similar provision, and goes even so far as to declare that after due deliberation the opinion of six, concurred in by the judge, shall prevail.

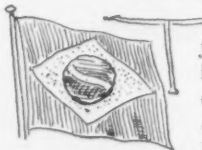
In most countries of Europe trial by jury is used only in criminal cases, and in France, Italy, and Germany a simple majority is sufficient. There is nothing in the reason of the thing, nor in the experience of civilized nations, to justify our persistence in this rule.

The constitutions of three of our States provide that in civil actions three-fourths of a jury may render a verdict; these are California, Nevada, and Texas. In Texas it provides that the same rule shall apply to criminal cases below the grade of felony. In Connecticut the law provides that a legal verdict may be rendered by any number not less than nine in civil cases, where the parties shall agree to it in writing before the rendition of the verdict. In New Jersey, in 1882, the House of Assembly passed a bill providing for similar verdicts in civil cases, but it failed to become a law. But this seems to be the extent to which the efforts to change the rule of unanimity have reached. When the case of McKane is considered, supplemented by the escape of his confederate Sutherland when nine of the jurors favored conviction, and the dangers that lie before us in these days of dynamite are contemplated, it would seem to be time to bring this ancient custom to the test of reason in view of the necessities of this age. As long ago as 1869 ex-Governor Koerner, of Illinois, made this suggestion:

"A verdict returned within six hours should be unanimous and signed by every juror; after that time, and within six hours thereafter, a verdict signed by eleven jurors may be given; after twelve hours, and within six hours thereafter, one signed by ten; after eighteen hours, and within six hours thereafter, one signed by nine; and after twenty-four hours, one signed by eight may be given."

Some such suggestion as this may well engage the attention of thoughtful men, in view of the fact that we stand, with England, alone among nations in making this requirement, and in view of the dangers, unknown to our English ancestors, that now threaten the foundations of our government and the security of life and property. When we have to meet the invader of the ballot-box and the bomb-thrower we must meet them with the best modern weapons, and forego our veneration for all "antique absurdities."

Elections in Brazil.



THE republic of Brazil does not just now offer many inducements to intending settlers, but it has some undoubted advantages. Thus, to the average citizen of the United States who has grown tired of the everlasting din of political contention, and to whom constantly recurring elections are a source of genuine discomfort, Brazil must seem something like an Elysium. Whatever may be the disquietude and annoyance occasioned by periodical revolutions, they are more than compensated by the freedom from those election excitements which here keep things in a constant ferment. With us, a Presidential election unsettles everything; it deranges business, provokes popular tumult, stimulates partisan rancor, and not infrequently

turns every man against his neighbor in a fierce combat of opinions. But in Brazil there is nothing of this. There are no nominating conventions, no public meetings, no stump speeches, no big processions, no pyrotechnic displays, none of the accessories which attend our great national contests. Nominations are mainly made by advertisements in the newspapers, and being made, the rest of the work is left to these organs of opinion, which discuss the candidates or let them alone, as the space at their command permits. In the recent election there was hardly any discussion of questions of national policy, and only occasional reference was made to them in the newspapers. In fact, the question of the presidential succession was decided with fewer evidences of popular excitement than ordinarily attend a ward election in this metropolis.

Of course politicians of the McKane sort would find Brazil a barren field for the employment of their peculiar genius; and campaign "spell-binders" would soon grow rusty for lack of engagements, but these are by no means desirable factors in the politics of the republic, and it may be doubted whether the people will ever come to regard their absence as a public misfortune.

Too Previous New-Yorkers.



ES—two hours too previous! If New York City would open its business at 10 A.M., if men slept as long as they should—namely, till eight o'clock—they would not require drugs for dyspepsia, and women would possess nerves they could call their own—also complexions.

The absurd fanaticism regarding early rising comes down from the customs of ancestors who were the early farmers of this country. With them it was often necessary. But in the present-day city life this getting up in the night is insane. It enforces an undue haste and want of ease in those whose duty to the public is to maintain the dignity of their office. Judges, magistrates, and counsel are all huddled together because of this one general craze—early office hours. The highest in the land cannot expect that age, dignities, or successes, will eventually save them from a continuance of this unceasing hustle.

New York is not different from London in the ability to make money. London is fairly rich; and there you see the barristers and business men reaching their offices exactly at ten o'clock.

But they work later.

Why cannot New-Yorkers do the same?

The average Wall-Street man rises in the winter by gas-light, drinks some coffee because he cannot eat at that hour, and rushes out into an air that rasps his bronchial tubes into shreds. In the weak, weary morning glimmer he is hurried along for forty minutes in the L train, crushed against a man with a sour stomach. Finally he reaches his office, his nerves jangled and a feeling of goneness under his belt. Chances are, he slips around for a deadly but pleasing cocktail before he has strength enough to open his letters. Perhaps, though, he assumes a semblance of virtue over this self-torture and tries to be inordinately wide awake in order to become both a wonder and a reproach to his half-asleep clerks. On the other hand, perhaps he lays his head down on his desk and asks heaven why he was ever born to endure a life that is not worth living.

At half-past seven or at eight o'clock there is not much to do at the office except to try to feel virtuous and succeed in feeling sick; and he looks into the morning papers, which never fail to suggest "the glory of our Western civilization" and the "privilege" of living in New York. He knows it is not altogether true, and that he would give his eye-teeth for two hours more sleep in the morning. But he smiles faintly over his rising tendency to nausea and worries through till noon, when he takes what is placarded as a "quick lunch." No genius has yet advertised a "slow, comfortable lunch." In New York you must not admit that you even eat slowly. You may waste as much time in your office as you like, but the universal pretense is to be in a hurry. The New-Yorker can be in more of a hurry over nothing than any man one ever meets.

So he eats the "quick lunch" that means "prolonged dyspepsia," and by 3:30 P.M. his business day is finished. From that till dinner at 6:30 he has to kill time; which generally means that he gives Time a better chance to kill him. During these hours, in which he drinks cocktails and plays billiards or cards at his club, the Londoner is putting in his best work at his office. But John Bull has risen two hours later and is a perfectly healthy man from start to finish. He has had his breakfast comfortably, a slow lunch at one, and experiences no necessity for cocktails.

David, the psalmist of Israel, lived in a warm, pastoral country, in which it is usually a delight to rise early. He did so; and he naturally advocated the practice. "I myself will arise right early," he says. The simplicity of our early Puritan settlers took the exact wording, as always, without allowance for climate or anything else. From Portland to Oregon there is not a single village without its group of old fossils who delight in maxims concerning the "early bird." They say: "Early to bed and early

to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." Nonsense! It more frequently makes him a stupid clown. And the same old fossils who prate of their early rising are the living proofs that their system does not produce the brain successes in which early night is used for thought and the morning miasmas and consumptions are avoided.

If London can go to business two hours later and still progress as the richest city in the world, why should nerves be outraged and why should the health and peace of New-Yorkers be impaled on an antique fallacy?

Lord Rosebery.



LORD ROSEBERY.

Lord Spencer and Lord Kimberley. Of these two Lord Spencer held the foremost place; but notwithstanding the fact that his political career extends over a longer period than that of Lord Rosebery, and in spite of his great services in the cause of home rule, Lord Spencer's claims on the Liberal party were not nearly so great or so obvious as those of Lord Rosebery. The new premier has been in the front rank of Liberal peers less than ten years. He was first in office in the Gladstone administration of 1880-85, in which he held two subordinate appointments, first as Under Secretary at the Home Office during the time Sir William Harcourt was Home Secretary, and next as Commissioner of Public Works. He has since twice been Chief Secretary for Foreign Affairs—in the Gladstone government of 1885-86, and again in the present government; but these two periods put together do not amount to more than a couple of years, and, as a matter of fact, Lord Rosebery made his political reputation and established his hold upon the Liberal party, not so much by any service he has rendered in office, as by his career in the House of Lords, where the Liberals are always in a minority, and by his speeches in the country during the period from 1886 to 1892, when the Liberals were in opposition.

The split which occurred on home rule in the Liberal ranks in 1886 afforded great and unexpected opportunities to a number of new and younger men both in the House of Lords and in the House of Commons. Lord Rosebery more than any other member of the House of Lords benefited by these opportunities. He promptly and heartily threw in his lot with Mr. Gladstone, and during the next six years, excepting Mr. Gladstone, no man either in the House of Commons or in the House of Lords did more for home rule and for the new Liberalism which came into existence after the general election of 1886, than Lord Rosebery. The only other front-rank man who during this period established great claims on the Liberal party was Mr. John Morley, the present Chief Secretary for Ireland; and about 1889 it looked as though when Mr. Gladstone retired the Liberals would have to make a choice between Mr. Morley and Lord Rosebery when settling upon a new leader.

There was much to be done during these six years of opposition. The Liberal party was moving forward at a pace which astonished the old Whigs who had parted company with Mr. Gladstone in 1886. Lord Rosebery took his full share of this work both at Westminster and in the country, and quite kept pace with the forward movements of the new Liberalism. It was during these years, especially from 1888 onward, when the Liberal party was recovering itself after the events of 1886, that the Liberal programme was being drawn up. One advanced demand succeeded another at the annual conventions of the Liberal Federation, and as each new Radical demand found a place in the programme it received the indorsement of Lord Rosebery. He was with the Radicals in their advanced programme for London; with them in their demands for free education; for the reform of the registration system; for the disestablishment of the established churches in Wales and in Scotland, and for the thorough reform of the House of Lords.

Only in regard to one set of questions was Lord Rosebery at issue with the Radicals. He never agreed with them in their ideas on foreign and colonial policy, and on these questions he still stands apart from the Radicals, and is almost as much a Tory as Lord Salisbury. He does not share with the Radicals what Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a former Conservative leader of the House of Commons, once described as "the extraordinary cosmopolitan sympathy"

under the influence of which the Radicals appear to convince themselves that "what is wrong is done by Englishmen, and what is right is done by England's enemies." Lord Rosebery has never had any sympathy with Radicals of the little England school. He holds that England is one of the great Powers whose voice should be heard in the council of the nations; and, as regards England's colonies, his desire is to bring them into closer union with the mother country.

The Radicals have three objections to Lord Rosebery as the new leader of the Liberal party. In the first place, the ideas which dominate him in regard to foreign and colonial affairs; in the second place, the lukewarmness which he has displayed in regard to home rule since the Liberal government came into office; and in the third place, that he sits in the House of Lords.

The last named is the most serious objection. Although Mr. Gladstone is the only Commoner who for any length of time has led the Liberal party, recent changes in the electoral system and in the composition of the Liberal party have made it almost absolutely necessary that the Liberal leader should be in the House of Commons. Aristocratic leaders like Grey, Melbourne, Aberdeen, Palmerston, and Russell were well enough between 1832 and 1867, when the Whigs dominated the Liberal party, and when they acted as a drag on the Liberal coach; but the Whig drag was partially dropped in 1867, and dropped entirely in 1886. The Liberal party of to-day lives by reason of its aggressiveness. It is pre-eminently a fighting party, and as a fighting party it requires its leader in the House of Commons, where all the coming battles of Liberalism must inevitably be fought.

Topics of the Week.

HILL and Hogg—that is the ticket which Mr. Croker is represented by a correspondent of the New York Herald to be arranging for in his prolonged Southern tour. It would, to say the least of it, be euphonious. We cannot conceive of any combination that would be more so. Governor Hogg is a good deal of a man in his way, and in political finesse is quite the equal of the New York Senator. We suspect, however, that the latter is hardly likely as yet to make any decisive "dicker" with any one of the multitudinous aspirants for the Vice-Presidency. He will play with all of them with the utmost apparent sincerity, but he will not close any bargains until he is fully persuaded in his own mind as to which pole will bring down the most persimmons. If Governor Hogg is wise he will not build too largely on any present promises which the wily David may make.

A MAN of prominence at Honolulu, an American and a graduate of Yale, who has there found employment for his eminent talents, concludes a recent note to the editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY with the following statement as to the situation and outlook in Hawaii:

"There is room for a difference of opinion as to the wisdom of annexing these islands to the United States, but there is no room for a fair difference of opinion as to the right of the provisional government to exist, when all the facts are known. Mr. Blount's report is absolutely unreliable; but few people in the United States have the means of knowing this or ascertaining the truth. You assure me of your opinion that 'wherever a Yale man is found, he will be found doing what is right and best.' On this view the support of the provisional government must be right and best, for every Yale man here supports it heartily. Our government will probably remain as it is for a while, and if, when Congress has disposed of the Hawaiian question, annexation or a protectorate cannot be expected for some years, the government may be changed to some more permanent and representative form. It is at present the best government these islands ever had. The men in control are not spoilsmen, but patriotic and self-sacrificing."

THE convictions had in the recent trials of election officers in this city who perpetrated or connived at frauds upon the ballot-box in the last election are in every way gratifying. These convictions would not have been possible a year ago, and the fact that the offenders are now punished as they deserve demonstrates in a striking manner the potency of an awakened public opinion. But the prosecutions ought not to stop with the conviction of the petty officials so far indicted. An effort should be made to reach and bring to punishment the bigger scoundrels who instigate and chiefly profit by these fraudulent practices. They are the really dangerous offenders, and it ought to be possible to uncover their crimes and avenge them by imposing the severest penalties of the law. The integrity of the ballot and the security of society cannot be assured so long as we permit men who inspire election frauds to escape the condemnation which is visited upon the instruments employed in the perpetration of their villainies.

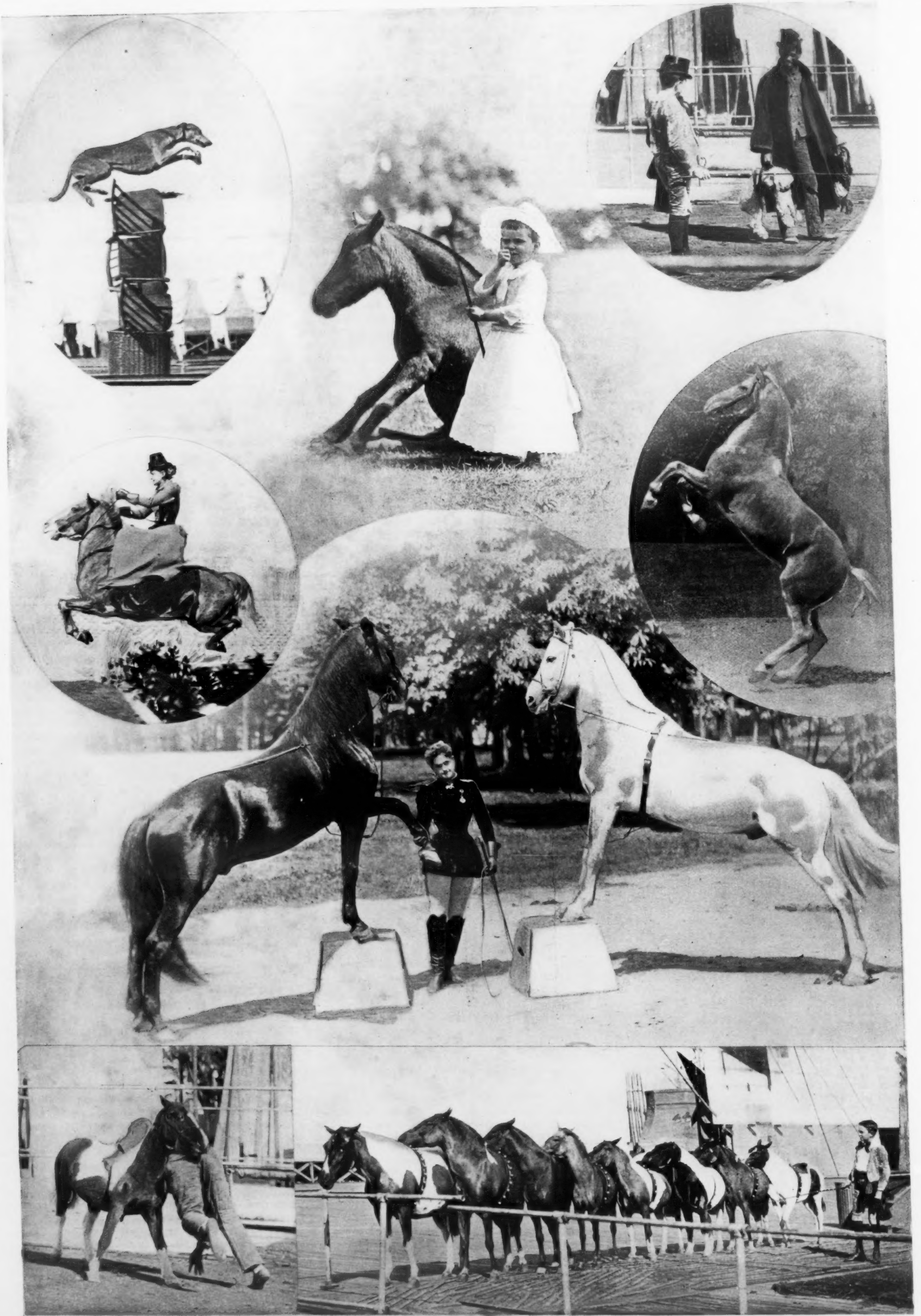
OUR esteemed friend, Colonel Slingerly, of the Philadelphia Record, has undertaken the somewhat formidable task of reorganizing the Democratic party in Pennsylvania. For some time past the party management has been largely in the hands of Mr. Harry, and things have been going from bad to worse with a velocity and certainty which seem to indicate that if a shred of the party is to be saved it must have new and wiser direction. So Colonel Slingerly, not disheartened by the recent overwhelming reverse, has addressed himself to the work of gathering the fragments and seeing what can be done toward

cementing them. To the ordinary observer it looks as if he has a pretty large-sized job before him, but being a man of pluck and resources, he isn't the least bit disheartened, and probably expects to march presently at the head of a victorious party, though it may be doubted whether he has any very confident expectation that he will ever be able to command for it as nearly a unanimous vote as was given to Galusha A. Grow.

A NEW method of educating orators has been introduced by the professor of elocution and rhetoric at the Minnesota State University. With a view of affording would-be orators the benefits of practical contact with wide-awake audiences, they are sent out to address rural assemblies on public occasions, where the conditions differ very radically from those which obtain in the class-room. The Minneapolis Tribune commends the plan as likely to teach the student that not sophomoric rhetoric and artificial elocution, but "simplicity, directness, frankness, sympathy, humor, solid information, and deep moral conviction, are the elements which give the speaker his audience." This is all very true, and the plan is no doubt a good one for the fledgeling orators, but how about the audiences? We suspect that in a good many cases the hearers will be in no haste to invoke blessings upon the pate of the originator of the scheme. The Tribune intimates that a horde of these student orators will be let loose on hapless Minnesota communities on the coming Decoration Day, and the timely warning thus given will no doubt be immensely appreciated by the intended victims of spread-eagle college oratory.

AN attempt to carry out the communistic movement which has been urged for some years by Dr. Theodor Hertzka, the well-known Austrian economist, is at length under way. The scheme, which is known as "the Free-land movement," is backed by associations in Germany, and England, and contemplates the solution of the social problem by "the establishment of a community on the basis of perfect liberty and economic justice; that is, of a community which, while it preserves the unqualified right of every individual to control his own actions, secures to every worker the full and uncurtailed enjoyment of the fruits of his labors." The site selected for this experiment is a district on the southeast of Mount Kenia, in Africa, comprising between forty thousand and fifty thousand English square miles, and under British jurisdiction. The land is said to be very fertile, capable of producing two harvests a year, and the climate is exceptionally healthy. The land is to be held in common, and all profits of cultivation are to be shared by the members of the colony in proportion to their several contributions to the common product. The revenue necessary for the support of persons who may be, for any reason, incapable of labor, as well as for other public expenses, is to be provided by a tax levied upon the net income of the total production. The pioneers of this new movement, fifteen in number, sailed from Hamburg about a fortnight since, and are expected to reach their destination early in April. They carry agricultural machinery, farming utensils, and goods for barter, and will establish the colony preparatory to further arrivals. The results of this novel enterprise will be awaited with interest, but not, perhaps, with any general confidence that they will realize the expectations of its projectors.

IT is easy to understand why the Democrats of the South, while insisting upon free trade for other sections of the Union, are in favor of protection for their own particular region. The enormous industrial development of the thirteen Southern States during the last three decades, during which the production of Southern manufactures and mines has grown from \$193,422,000 in 1860 to \$729,788,000 in 1892, is the direct result of the protective policy. Take, for instance, the State of Alabama. In 1860 the total value of her manufactures and mine productions amounted to \$10,588,000. In 1892 the total value of these productions was \$50,250,000. In Louisiana the mine and factory product has grown from \$10,587,000 in 1860, to \$63,926,000 in 1892. In Kentucky, the production in 1892 was \$70,500,000 greater than in 1860. Texas, Georgia, Arkansas, and other States show a like phenomenal growth. The Southern States produced more coal in 1890 than was produced in the whole country in 1870. It is not surprising that, in the face of facts like these, sensible and far-sighted men at the South should protest against the overthrow of the policy which has contributed so enormously to their prosperity. But it is a strange inconsistency that Southern politicians should persist in imposing upon Northern and Eastern States free-trade schedules which they will not accept for themselves. If protection is a good thing for the peanut industry of North Carolina, the sugar of Louisiana, the oranges and lemons of Florida, and so on, why should it be denied to those interests in other sections of the Union which are infinitely more important as factors of the national prosperity, and which without it must be seriously crippled? The truth is that as to this whole tariff question the attitude of the Democratic party is utterly without consistency; it is determined by considerations of selfishness and local interest, and cannot be defended upon any considerations of sound national policy.



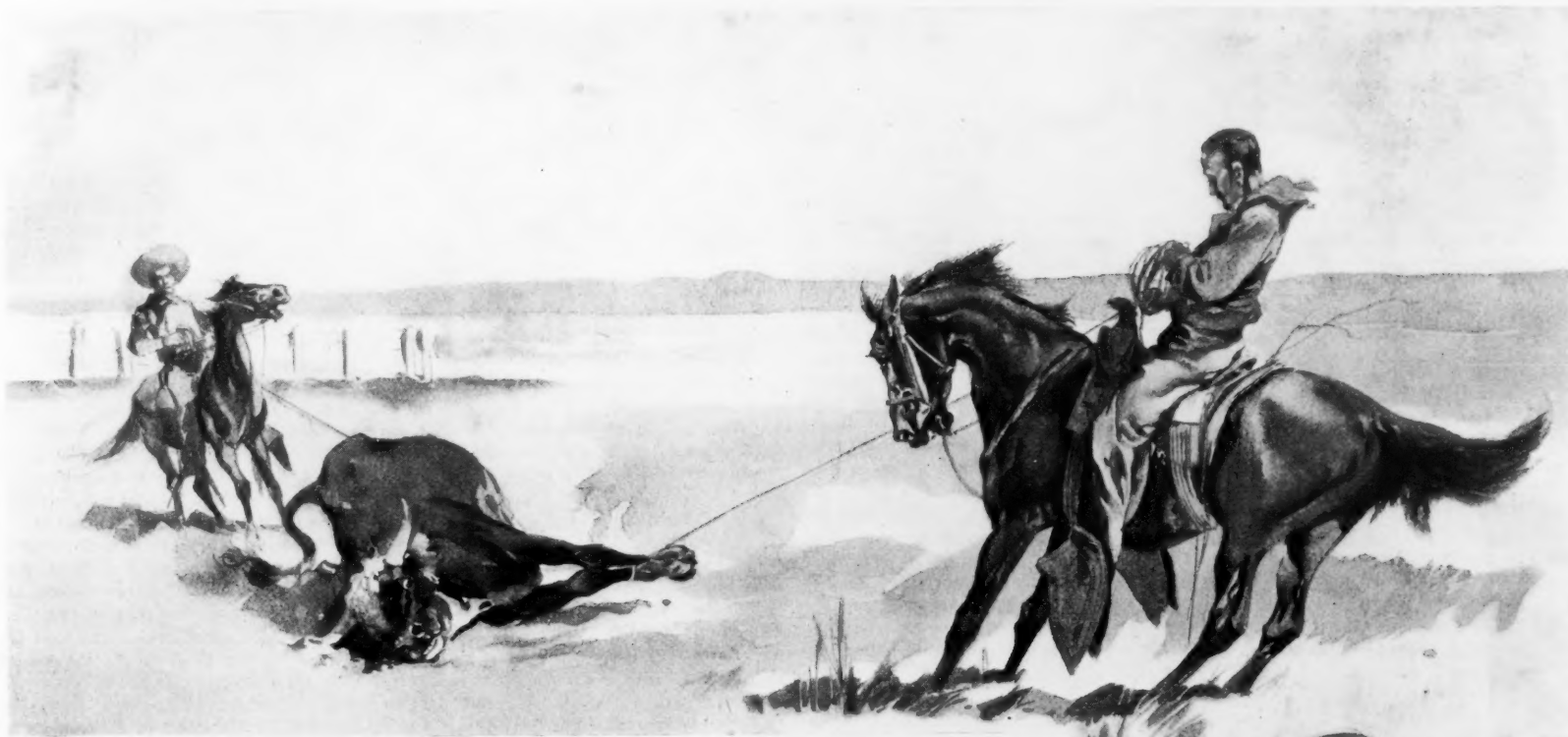
ANIMAL-TRAINING—HOW OUR PERFORMING PETS ARE INSTRUCTED FOR DUTY IN THE RING.
 FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 197.]



GOVERNOR L. C. HUGHES.



GOLD-ORE CARRIERS.



ON THE RANGE.



C. M. BRUCE, SECRETARY OF THE TERRITORY.



PECULIAR ROCK FORMATION ON THE NEW RAILROAD.



THE GILA MONSTER.



A PROSPECTOR'S OUTFIT.



A TRAIN OF FREIGHTERS.

JOHN HARVEY.

By MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"Death comes alike to all—to the monarch's lordly hall,
Or the hovel of the beggar, and his summons none shall stay—
Far-reaching hopes are not for us, the creatures of a day."

THESE were the lines that ran in the mind of Dr. John Harvey as he paused for a moment in his desperate attempt to restore animation to the apparently lifeless body of a young woman stretched on the bed before him. All that wealth and influence could buy had been bought. Skill and enthusiasm stood by in the person of John Harvey, with skill and experience in the presence of the consulting physician. The fight with Death had been hand to hand, and Death was evidently to be the victor. After one more unavailing attempt the nurse, kneeling by the patient's side, spoke:

"It's no use, doctor; she has gone."

The older man stepped forward and spoke also.

"It is useless to work longer, Dr. Harvey," he said. "Poor lady! she had everything to live for, but you cannot call the soul back to the body, and you have done everything save that."

John Harvey took his finger from the pulseless wrist.

"I would give the best year of my life if I could!" he said, sadly. "Bring me the child, nurse; I must carry him to his father and tell the price."

He bent once more over the lifeless form and looked into the pale, youthful face on the pillow.

"Death comes alike to all"—those words again. They kept whirling in his brain distractingly. He started, turning sharply as the nurse touched his arm.

"Please, sir," she faltered, "I can't find the baby anywhere."

"Can't find the baby!" said Dr. Harvey. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"The baby's lost, sir," persisted the startled woman. "I had it in my arms when the change came, and you called me sudden-like. I dropped it down somewhere, and now I can't find it."

"It can't be very far away," said the older physician; "the boy was too big to be long lost."

"If I know his father," muttered Dr. Harvey, "it will be as well for the poor little thing if he is never found."

A feeble, wailing protest sounded from the corner of the room. Guided by the cry, Dr. Harvey walked hastily forward to snatch up a blanket tossed aside in a corner, and discovered the motherless baby. Motioning the nurse aside, he lifted the child in his arms, hushing its cries with an unaffected deftness that made his professional brother smile.

"The same John Harvey," he thought, remembering that the first time he had seen the man before him he was striding down the aisle of a crowded church, holding an intruding cur in his arms, his blonde head showing over the dog's black back—unembarrassed, calm, intent only on removing a nuisance in the most rapid manner possible.

With light hair, full pointed beard, and rather irregular features, John Harvey would have been like a hundred other men of the blonde type, except that his eyes were striking because of that rare shade of blue to which alone is granted the power of being penetrating and impenetrable at one moment, and infinitely gentle and tender the next. A close observer would also have noted the sensitive lines about his mouth, despite the firmly-set lips, while to one of his own calling the surgeon's hand must have been unmistakable, swift in motion, trained to feel as quickly as the antennae of an insect, yet strong and pliant as tempered steel. Here was a man to be passed over in a crowd. To know his face it was necessary to watch him by some sufferer's bedside in the performance of services never too unimportant, with tenderness in his touch, sympathy in his eyes, cheering words on his lips, lending strength to weakness. Once seen thus, Dr. Harvey was not to be forgotten.

He was still holding the child in his arms when he moved to the door of the adjoining room, and entering, closed it behind him. In a few moments he returned, looking grave and troubled.

"Does Mr. Tillcomb know?" inquired the other physician.

"Yes; there was a terrible scene. The child is hardly safe in the room with him."

As he glanced at the face of the silent mother it seemed to Dr. Harvey that a look of intense pain and anxiety was passing over her features. The impression was strong enough to make him hurry to her side. He knew then that the fleeting expression was but an illusion, and yet, standing with his hand on the heart of the dead woman, holding her living child in his arm, he answered it.

"Before God, Harriet, I will!"

No living ear heard the solemn vow, but who shall say that the dead did not, or was not comforted?

As Dr. Harvey knew, the loss of his wife meant to Francis Tillcomb more than the loss of one passionately loved. Their marriage had been a dangerous experiment and one hotly opposed by Dr. Harvey, the friend of both. The man's life had been too ceaseless a round of self-indulgence to promise happiness for the woman, and yet happiness such as few know had been hers in their brief months of wedlock, and then suddenly it was all over. What should come to the one left alone was a question which John Harvey waited with anxious forebodings to be answered. After the first few days it was easy to divine the end. Each small possession which had belonged to the dead wife was laid away, and the mention of her name forbidden in the house in the presence of its master. Having hewed a sepulchre out of his stony silence, Francis Tillcomb laid in it every softening memory. Then he announced his intention of travel for an indefinite period. He had lived thus, drifting from place to place, before his marriage, and in what manner Dr. Harvey knew only too well. Being no clipper of terms, he expressed his opinion of his friend's plan vigorously and in no set language. Above all, he urged the claims of the child, warning the father that he was warring against every law of nature by so neglecting his charge, and that nature would inevitably avenge herself in her own time and place.

"Your duty lies here," he said, "staring you in the face from that cradle up-stairs, and you talk of Indian jungles, forsooth!"

But the only answer was a determined reiteration.

"I mean to go."

"What will you do with the child?"

Mr. Tillcomb hesitated. He did not look up as he spoke.

"Give it to Kitty."

Dr. Harvey started in his chair, which he had drawn close to his friend's side.

"Give him to Kitty!" he cried, "your sister! Francis, are you mad? I dislike speaking so plainly, but you know how it is with her own children. A disorganized nursery and a vain, frivolous mother. You have said yourself that if ever a child died of pure neglect, little Kitty did."

"The boy will tumble up somehow. Anyway, I have decided."

Dr. Harvey with an effort controlled the retort which rose to his lips. Leaning yet nearer to his friend, he spoke gently and entreatingly.

"No; listen to me before you decide, Francis. Have you considered well the responsibility of appointing such a guardian for Harriet's child? Let her memory influence you now as she did living."

Mr. Tillcomb turned with livid face and trembling lips, grinding out his words between his set teeth.

"If any man but yourself had dared say that I would have struck him down. I warn you not to attempt it again, John. You know what she was to me. You know what my life will be without her. I tell you I hate the brat. Have I not cause?" He straightened himself, gathering back the composure he had lost and went on scoldingly. "I shall make an allowance with him sufficiently large to tempt Kitty, and to Kitty he shall go. If you do not like my arrangements, and are so anxious about the child, you may take him yourself."

"By heaven, I will!" cried Dr. Harvey, rising to pace the floor excitedly. "You shall not doom the boy to a death of body and soul."

The father shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"So far as his body goes, rest assured I shall always provide liberally for him."

"Not if I have him."

Mr. Tillcomb glanced up in surprise.

"You were in earnest, then?"

For a moment there was no answer. Dr. Harvey was standing once more by the side of the dead mother, looking into the drawn, anxious face.

"I wish to take the child as my own in every respect," he said at last, gravely.

Mr. Tillcomb looked up again incredulously.

Dr. Harvey repeated his last words.

"My own in every respect."

"As you will. You have odd fancies, John. I make you a free gift of my fatherhood, if you want it."

"Not in that informal way," Dr. Harvey answered. "I won't take the boy to my heart to make a fine lad of him, which, please God, I mean to do, and then have you sending for him in one of your freaks. He must be mine, and mine by no word of mouth, but by sign and seal as much bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh as the law can make him."

"You are welcome to him," answered the father, lightly. "body and bone, and soul, too, if he develop one. I will sign any papers you have drawn up, only they must be here to-night. I leave this place to-morrow."

"You have absolutely resolved?"

"Absolutely."

"Then I leave a fool to his folly," said Dr. Harvey, bitterly—but the next moment he was standing with his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Francis! Francis! with such gifts as yours, why throw them all away?"

The hard lines in the cold face broke, the mocking voice softened.

"It might have been different had she lived, but now—that is a leaf turned down. Don't think I forget how you worked to keep her for me. I am almost a madman and have been patient for one, I think. Now, before the brute in me breaks out again, leave me alone with my torment."

Dr. Harvey opened his lips to answer, but an impatient motion of the shoulder beneath his hand warned him that further argument was worse than useless. He dropped his hand with a sigh.

"I shall be back before the day is over with the papers," he said, briefly, and left the room with his usual rapid step. He did not immediately leave the house, but went from the father to look for the child in the nursery above. The baby lay there quietly in his cradle. Dr. Harvey drew aside the covers to gaze down at the sleeping child with a curious sense of ownership. He was a man of no affectations; so that what he was moved to do, he usually did. Bending over the cradle he kissed the tiny face.

"Poor little man!" he murmured; "you have been neglected and forgotten in one way or another ever since the hour of your birth."

And so the bond was sealed between the man of twenty-five years and the baby of scarce half so many days. Before nightfall the necessary papers had been duly drawn and signed, and the transfer of responsibility made.

"Shall you have the child take your name or retain his own?" the father asked, indifferently.

"I prefer his retaining your name," said Dr. Harvey, decidedly. "And see that you keep it clean for him."

The advent of the baby in Dr. John Harvey's luxurious bachelor quarters caused much amazement and laughter. But its presence seemed to disturb every one more than the adoptive father. He pursued his usual habits, and those who had trembled for the fate of the charming stag dinners they were wont to enjoy were relieved to find that the change in the household affected neither their frequency nor their flavor. They had at first thought that this new fatherhood might be a tender subject to their host, and at the first dinner following that event a perfect silence was preserved on the question. Perceiving this, Dr. Harvey deliberately sent for the baby when dessert was put on the table, saying:

"I always liked the custom of having the children of the house in after the business of dinner was over. My boy is rather young, to be sure, but then, you remember the old woman who lifted her calf every day. I give you a chance to get used to it."

So it was settled that the boy was to be a subject for admiration, not silence. The child was duly christened, and received the name of Henry in memory of his mother. He had the requisite number of godfathers and godmothers, and, in fact, his appointments were in every respect all that the most punctilious baby might demand. Gradually every one grew used to the situation, and ceased to find amusement in the sight of Dr. Harvey walking about his house or his garden, giving his directions on this matter and that, with a long-robed baby lying flat on his arm. The burden of responsibility on

the adoptive father's shoulders was more seriously viewed by Dr. Harvey's family. His elder sister, Mary, while scarcely approving the departure, felt it her duty to aid in lightening the self-imposed task. She was unmarried, and possessed by an over-tender conscience. Her home, up to this time, had been made with her younger sister, in whose nursery full of children she found her highest happiness. But now John was in undoubted need of her services, and after many tears Mary's resolution was taken. Torturing her lips into a smile of cheerful resignation, she put on her bonnet and sought her brother's office.

"Dear John," she said as she entered, "I have come to stay with you and the baby."

Fine breeding and a well-established control of feature could not keep a look of extreme consternation from Dr. Harvey's face.

"Good heavens! my dear Mary; have you and Fanny quarreled?"

"No, indeed, John," and the smile grew more watery than before; "but my duty lies here with you now."

A queer look stole over Dr. Harvey's face as he rose to take his sister's hand kindly in his.

"My dear Mary," he said, "you are a good woman and you mean well, but you would drive me crazy in a week. We don't agree on any given point and never did. If I thought the boy should have his sterilized milk you would surely think it ought to be canned, and if I thought one blanket sufficient covering for him you would be equally certain to think he needed two. No, indeed, my dear; Fanny has claims on you, and you must stay with her. Take me and my progeny off your kind heart. We shall do very well—the boy and I."

And certainly it seemed so, for the baby missed nothing that a mother's tenderness or a father's love could have given, and a full understanding seemed from the first to exist between him and his adoptive parent.

As Henry learned to talk there was some question in Dr. Harvey's usually decided mind as to what his boy should call him, but it was settled by the little one himself, who said "father" naturally. And as there seemed no better name to teach him, the matter was allowed to rest. Perhaps, also, Dr. Harvey did not dislike taking in name the part he played in reality. The bond between the man and the baby grew in fact stronger than many founded in blood relation. Nothing was too unimportant for the child to confide to that sympathetic ear. On the other side, the unconscious child was the recipient of an unspoken confidence, the skillful healer of a hidden wound which the physician could not heal himself, and which might have grown ugly and festering had not the little fingers drawn the jagged edges together, while the babyish, unreasoning love acted as a wholesome salve.

In spite of the fact which had been decided once for all that the reins of management should continue in Dr. Harvey's hands, as the months went by his sister Mary could only satisfy the pricking of her still restless conscience by frequent visits to Henry's nursery, and endless bits of advice to her brother—advice which was, perhaps, less unnecessary than the youthful father would have been willing to acknowledge. Particularly was he vexed on returning home one day to find his well-ordered nursery in confusion, Henry sulking on a chair, obviously in punishment, and his nurse in floods of tears.

Mary, with her usually placid face flushed and puzzled, at once stepped forward to draw her brother from the room. Once alone with him she did not wait to be questioned. She had been "so dismayed, so horrified! Surely John would now consent to punish the dear child this once and for his own sake."

Dr. Harvey sat patiently listening to the torrent of words.

"You must remember I do not yet know of what he is guilty," he said at last.

Mary's delicate face flushed.

"Indeed, I hardly know how to repeat it to you," she answered, hesitatingly. "He must have learned it from one of the servants."

For the first time in the interview Dr. Harvey looked disturbed.

"Henry has learned something from the servants which you cannot repeat! Tell me all you know, Mary, at once."

He spoke in terms which admitted no further delay.

"It was about the soup," said Mary, fluttering but obedient. "He just tasted it and then flung down his spoon and said—oh, John—"

"Go on," said Dr. Harvey.

"He said"—clipping the obnoxious phrase as much as possible—"he said—Damn the broth, it's burned again."

Dr. Harvey rose from his chair hastily. Walking to the window, he turned his back on the room.

"I knew you would be dreadfully shocked," said Mary, sympathetically. "I have questioned each of the servants, and every one of them denies having taught him such language; but you know, John, he could not have made it up himself, could he?"

"Not possible," said Dr. Harvey, in a smothered voice. He turned to look keenly at his sister. As her guileless eyes met his he broke into a sudden irrepressible laugh. "I wouldn't look into the matter any further," he went on. "I don't believe any power could induce the guilty party to confess. I know I should not in his place. I can promise you it won't happen again, though," he added, with another laugh.

"But Henry?" asked Mary, anxiously.

"I think we will leave that wretched, misguided youth to the remorse of a guilty conscience. And, by the way, Mary, I found him under sentence when I came home to-day. My dear, you will forgive me for reminding you, but I can allow no one, not even my favorite sister, to punish my boy."

There was nothing for Mary to do but sigh and submit. She loved her brother too well to contest with him, and it was evident that in spite of one or two such ignominious failures, he meant to follow closely the line of education laid down in his mind from the first.

Perhaps Dr. Harvey's methods of inculcating manners and morals in the youthful mind were peculiar—many people thought so. The boy did not know the meaning of a sharp rebuke or a blow. As he grew older the few reproofs he received were given in the form of advice and indirectly, leaving him to reason out the full meaning for himself. There was nothing that at this time interested Dr. Harvey so much as watching the gradual growth of the baby into a boy with all a boy's instincts; and here comes "the budding man," he thought with amusement, when Henry developed the usual boyish tendency for braggadocio. Dr. Harvey would listen gravely, but with twinkling eyes, to the histories of wondrous feats performed, until, growing bolder, Henry ventured the retailing of an exploit too marvelous to be passed over.

"My boy," said his adoptive father as the child ended, "I want to tell you a little story. There was a small steamer which used to run up and down our river when I was a youngster, and it had a very small boiler—so small that if it would blow it could not go, and if it would go it could not blow; so you see, my dear boy, it had to be a choice between blowing and going."

Reddening to his brow, Henry raised his eyes defiantly, but as he met Dr. Harvey's half-serious, half-comical look, he burst into a hearty boyish laugh, followed by one no less so from his adoptive father. And so under this gentle, firm hand the boy grew up into as fine a lad as Dr. Harvey had vowed he should. Passionately loving his adoptive father, he invariably spoke of his real parent—when he spoke of him at all—as "my father abroad," until John Harvey, half-humorously at first, caught the term and said "your father abroad" as naturally and invariably as did Henry himself.

In his letters to Francis Tillcomb, Dr. Harvey had at first made no mention of his son, but later on he had spoken of the boy freely.

At last, at a slightly-expressed wish of the father, he sent him the lad's picture, though fearing that the wonderful likeness to his dead mother would quench the small ray of interest shown. The effect was a contrary one. A letter came from the father to the boy himself. And Henry answered it when bidden. Other letters followed. But, as John Harvey had prophesied, outraged nature avenged itself. Francis Tillcomb's awakened interest could find no response from his son. At last Mr. Tillcomb wrote to Dr. Harvey calmly asking him to send the boy out to him for a year's visit.

"Did I not know you through and through, Francis?" thought his friend, sadly, as he read the letter. "You want the boy now by some twist of your ill-regulated mind, and when I refuse him—as I shall—you will crave him, and then, had I not foreseen this and provided against it, my misery and the boy's weal would not have weighed with you a moment."

Mary, of the tender conscience, felt it her duty to remind her brother that, after all, the tie of blood was there, and if the father yearned for his child the call of nature should not be resisted.

"Call of fiddlestick," John answered, indignantly. "Why did he not yearn when the boy needed his care? Send Henry out to be proudly presented to Tillcomb's choice sporting circles! Not if I know myself. If he suffers from yearnings let him come here, where I can say 'Hands off' when he goes too far. No; the boy is mine, and I mean to keep him."

And keep him he did.

(To be concluded next week.)

God's Creed.

FORGIVE me that I hear thy creeds
Unawed and unafraid;
They are too small for one whose ears
Have heard God's organ played;
Who in wide, noble solitudes
In simple faith has prayed.

Forgive me that I cannot kneel
And worship in this pew,
For I have knelt in western dawns,
When the stars were large and few,
And the only fonts God gave me were
The deep leaves filled with dew.

And so it is I worship best
With only the soft air
About me, and the sun's warm gold
Upon my brow and hair;
For then my very heart and soul
Mount upward in swift prayer.

My church has been a yellow space
Ceiled over with blue heaven,
My pew upon a noble hill
Where the fir-trees were seven,
And the stars upon their slender tops
Were tapers lit at even.

My knees have known no cushions rich,
But the soft, emerald sod;
My aisles have been the forest paths
Lined with the crimson-rod;
My choir, the birds and winds and waves,—
My only pastor, God.

My steeple has been the dome of snow
From the blue land that swells;
My rosary, the acorns small
That drop from bronzed cells;
And the only bells that summoned me
Were the rhododendron bells.

At Easter, God's own hand adorned
These dim, sweet, sacred bowers
With delicate honeysuckle vine
And all the West's rich flowers;
And lest they droop in mellow nights,
He cooled them with light showers.

The crimson salmon-berry bells
And wild violets were here,
And those great dogwood stars that shine
Thro' purple glooms so clear;
And the pure lilies that are meet
For a young virgin's bier.

Wild-currant blossoms broke and bled,
Like Mary's tortured heart;
The gold musk in the marshy spots
Curled tempting lips apart;
And I saw the shy, blue lupine, too,
Up from the warm earth start.

The clover blossoms, pink and white,
Rimmed round the silver mere;
The thrifty dandelion lit
Her dawn-lamps far and near;
There was one white bloom that thro' the dusk
Shone liquid, like a tear.

I watched the dawn come up the east,
Like angels, chaste and still;
I felt my heart beat wild and strong,
My veins with white fire thrill;
For it was the Easter morn—and Christ
Was with me on the hill!

Oh, every little feathered throat
Swelled full with lyric song,
And the ocean played along the shore,
Full, passionate and strong—
An organ grand whose each wave-note
Was sounded sweet and long.

And so it is I worship best
With only the soft air
About me, and the sun's warm gold
Upon my brow and hair;
For then my very heart and soul
Mount upward in swift prayer.

Forgive me that I hear thy creeds
Unawed and unafraid;
They are too small for one whose ears
Have heard God's organ played;
Who in vast, noble solitudes
In simple faith has prayed.

ELLA HIGGINSON

Lights and Shades of Arizona.

Arizona as a Prospective State.

ARIZONA, the sun-kissed Territory, has great expectations of statehood. "You'll have a State, old boy, in two months," wrote a California Senator to an Arizona friend. The more conservative question, its eligibility for statehood—for though it has been organized for thirty years its growth has been immature—civilization has been slow to seek this frontier. Its arid wastes could not invite capital or labor, and the desert valleys and mountains harbored the dread Apache. So the tides of travel and immigration have swept on, leaving the progress yet to be.

In the rocky heart of Arizona, far from the routes of travel, the most primitive scenes of frontier life are found on the ranch, on the mesa, in the hills, among the mines. Here exists Arizona life as it is to-day, little known or seen. For the only means of reaching this region is by horseback or burro-back and stage—not a red Concord from which the driver cracks his whip over a six-in-hand, but a plain canvas-covered affair, made to carry the United States mail and three to six passengers, incidentally, without pretention or comfort. These stages traverse the mountainous gold country between Prescott

on the north and Phoenix on the south, crossing weary twenty-to-thirty-mile stretches of sandy desert lying between the ranges. These wastes are covered with the most illusive growths, that seem from a distance like luxurious gardens, and have caused many an unwary traveler to lose his way, thinking in their greenness to find water. Tall cacti with up-reaching branches fifty feet high mimic the form of great trees, cactus bushes spreading out like willow clumps, green paloverde trees, Spanish bayonets with palm-like blades, and green greasewood—a most grotesque mixture of thorny verdure, where rattlesnakes lurk and the gila monster, a mammoth poisonous lizard, revels in the scorching heat.

The stage-stations, where the relays take place, are crude and squalid, a mud-house, a corral, stables made of rude posts overtopped with a mat of tree branches to shield from the sun, for that is the only element that man or beast is protected against in Arizona. The rough, ungroomed horses are often lame and show sad neglect, for the old Hasiampa (rancher) is as languid as a Mexican. But he is the owner of the well, and an autoerat a stage company cannot dictate to. What need for exertion when he can sell water? The passing freighters pay ten cents a head for watering their animals at the troughs, and half a dollar a barrel for the supply they carry with them upon their desert way.

On these deserts, a few years since, could be met caravans of camels drawing heavy freight-wagons, now superseded by these mule-trains, as the freighters who brought in mule teams shot the camels on sight, claiming that they caused their animals to stampede. Camels were next used in transporting ores from the mines, but were turned out of that employment, and now, untamed and unowned, to the number of several hundred, they roam the desert between the Colorado and Gila rivers. Nine of these camels were captured by Capago Indians and sold to a passing circus, which advertises them as "the only living American camels." The parent stock was imported from Smyrna in 1855 by the War Department, for the purpose of carrying military supplies from California to the posts in the desert interior of the Southwest.

In marked contrast to these great ships of the desert are the little over-laden burros, almost as well fortified by nature against thirst. They bear the water-jars of the prospectors, but hardly a drop is given to the patient little carriers. A prospector says a burro does not want to drink but once a week. The prospectors ride or trudge after them, bound for the hills in quest of gold.

Mining in Arizona has not been placed on as economic a basis as in Colorado and Montana, where every important mine or mill is reached by a railroad spur. Here the primitive modes still exist;—as an old miner puts it, "We pack out all our ore on jackasses." Winding along the precipitous gulches are long pack-trains of these little animals with their precious burden of gold ores. The new railroad, a branch of the Santa Fé system building south from Prescott, will obliterate these picturesque phases of mining life.

On the mesas in the eastern part of Arizona, bordering on New Mexico, is the wildest cattle-ranch life in the West. Here the cowboy is king of the range, and the cow-girl queen of society. This feminine phase is entirely unknown. The traveler never sees her unless he happens to be in a cattle town on the occasion of a dance, when the cow-girl daughter of the ranchman or chief herder rides on horseback fifty miles, dances all night, and in the morning mounts her bronco and rides home. These towns on the range are the scenes of the 4th of July and other holiday tournaments of the cowboys, where swift riders hurl the lariat at frenzied steers, the branding-iron is applied, and all the features of the range round-up enacted, accompanied by a free use of pistols and flow of whisky. The encroachment of the farmer, which has modified this wild life on the plains of Kansas and Texas, has not yet reached here. But the ravages of drought and overstocked ranges have decimated the vast herds till only five hundred thousand remain of former millions.

Down in the desert valley of the Salt River in the southerly part of the Territory, is the hottest part of the United States in summer; the temperature ranges from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty degrees in the sun. The compensation is that this semi-tropic climate invites exotics wherever water is applied.

From the reclaimed desert rises Phoenix, the largest municipality of Arizona, having seven thousand. It is a summery-looking town, with its drooping pepper-trees of perennial green, over-roofed sidewalks, and buildings with successive tiers of verandas to protect against the torrid summer sun. The Territorial capitol stands

in the public square with rows of palms, olive, and oleander trees along the walks. Within the plain brick building are the offices of the administration. Governor L. C. Hughes, appointed last spring by Cleveland, came originally from Meadville, Pennsylvania. Since 1871 he has been a resident of Tucson and editor of the *Arizona Star*. Honest, fearless, and aggressive, he is waging war on the corrupt ring of politicians that in times past have brought disgrace and financial embarrassment on the Territory. Though its population is small—forty to fifty thousand—Arizona is made up of warring elements.

Secretary of Territory C. M. Bruce is equally at home in the capitol or on the range, where he has had large cattle interests for thirteen years. As regent of the agricultural college, he is a potent factor in introducing new modes of developing the Territory's resources, owing to his wide travels and study of Old-World civilization built up under similar conditions. Mr. Bruce is of an old Virginia family, and a brother-in-law of the famous story writer, Colonel Thomas Nelson Page. The social life of the capital centres at the home of Territorial Auditor Howard C. Boone, whose wife was Miss Jennie Ewing, a close relative of the late Mrs. General W. T. Sherman. The most winsome and welcome presence at these gay assemblies, and the pet of his excellency, is William Ewing Boone, aged one year, the last lineal descendant of Daniel Boone, of Kentucky, locally called the administration baby. This union of the best elements of the administration party is giving a moral tone to the Territory which argues well for the future of this would-be State.

HERBERT HRYWOOD

FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

ANY applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks.

\$1.00, to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year, or the weekly edition for three months.

\$4.00, to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

Josef Slivinski, Pianist.

A FACE wherein are visible ready intuitions, much persistency, and a temperament warm but not unbridled. The intellect is quick in action, is deeply sensible of the ideal, is possessed of staying power, and has as basis a certain useful practicality and tendency to system. The eyebrows are indicative of setness of purpose, reflective habit, and continuity of idea; below their outer corners is indicated calculation and also warm appreciation of artistic effect. The



JOSEF SLIVINSKI.—PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

nose is indicative of individuality, of self-reliance; the mouth of ardor, which can expend itself in action, and which is perhaps more an ardor of the mind than material. Prompt decision is voiced by the chin, and firmness rather than absolute force. The eyes are ambitious, are a little cold and a little hard. The whole suggests cleverness rather than greatness, nimble adaptability, a natural habit of application, high-strung vitality, fluency, energy, and a belief in self which is deep-set and strong but not complacent.



PAPILLON.

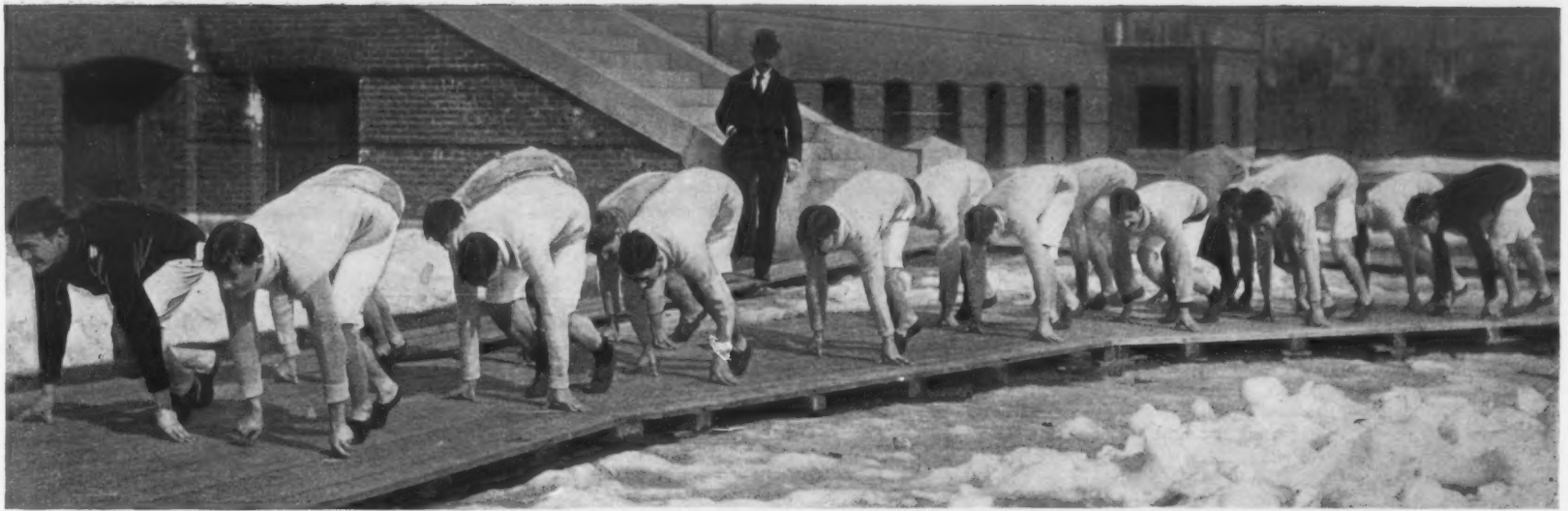


TELL her, this Easter morning,
For sunshine thou dost pine ;
And let her smile
Light thy exile
As it would mine.

Then tell her that I love her—
Look it into her eyes,
And, fair to fair,
Her answer there
Sweetly surmise.

Waft back one breath of perfume
Out of her midnight hair,
And I'll divine
Her thought is mine,
Charming the air.

HENRY TYRRELL.



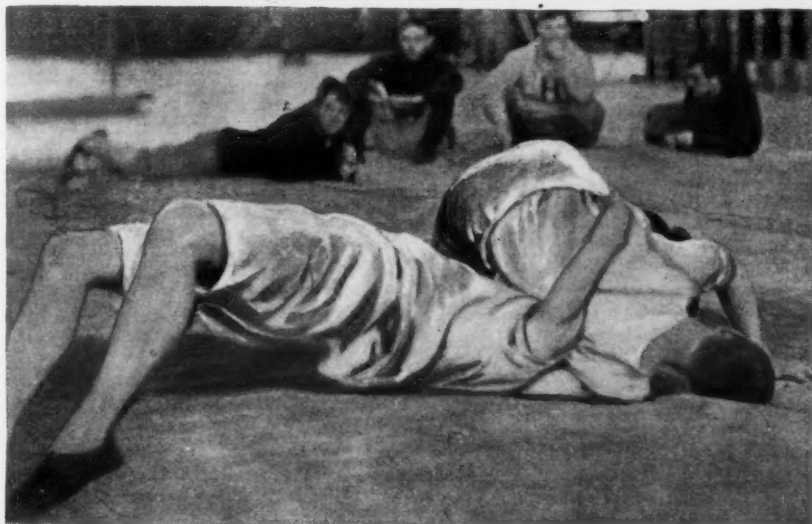
TRAINER LATHROP TEACHING THE SPRINTERS HOW TO START.



HURDLERS PRACTICING OVER THE STICKS.



"TIM" KEEFE COACHING BASE-BALL MEN.



WRESTLING IN THE GYMNASIUM.



PRELIMINARY WORK IN THE GYMNASIUM.



THE CREW ROWING IN THE TANK.

ATHLETICS AT HARVARD—CANDIDATES FOR THE VARIOUS TEAMS PREPARING FOR THE SPRING AND SUMMER INTERCOLLEGIATE CONTESTS.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 196.]

THE PRIVATE STABLES OF NEW YORK.

FEW persons visiting or living in the city who see the splendid horses daily in use on our streets have any idea of the care and attention given them, or the money lavished in stabling them. To keep a private stable in New York City is a very expensive business, in first building the stable, and then in the matter of feed, help, health, etc. The dangers to the health of the horse on the crowded streets, paved in many places with the deadly asphalt, are so many that none but the very wealthy can afford to keep up their private stables. Many of the swell carriages, with their well-groomed, stylish horses, now in daily use in the park, are the property of a firm of liverymen who make such turnouts a specialty, and who hire them for a given sum per month. This arrangement is most satisfactory to all parties, since, if a horse in use is lamed, another is put in his place, and the carriage is always at the call of those needing it.

The most magnificent private stable in New York City is that of Millionaire Frank Work, on Fifty-eighth Street near Seventh Avenue. It is three stories high, and cost over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The first story, or stable proper, is built entirely of rough-hewn granite, while the two floors above are of red pressed brick, with the windows set in granite and granite trimmings. But let Mr. Work describe the stable as he did to me. It has been a labor of love with him, as his trotting horses are the delight of his life, and, no matter what the weather, he never misses his drive on the road.

"I started out some years ago," said Mr. Work, "to build a stable for my trotters, not knowing anything about such business, but determined upon three things: plenty of light, plenty of ventilation, and perfect drainage. I have kept on adding first this, then that, until I am sure I have as perfect a stable as there is in this country. But let us go down to the stable. I keep only my trotters here, as my carriage horses are in quite a different stable, nearer my house. The stable is thirty-six feet wide, but as it is against the law to put up a building over twenty-five feet wide without a column, I have gotten over that trouble by putting an iron girder every twenty feet in my ceiling. These girders will individually support twenty tons. You see the opening for the skylight extends fully half-way of the stable, and gives to every stall and box direct downward light. The light is almost too much, and I have to shield the horses with curtains. All around the lower part of the skylight are windows, and ventilators that afford a draught and give me perfectly pure air. The air is as sweet as a parlor. The next thing, the perfect drainage, is secured by building the walls so that every drop of water falling on the roof comes down through them and runs under every stall and box in the stable. The floors slope slightly to the centre—just enough to give drainage—and communicate by means of perforated disks with the under drain, through which all liquids run."

The ceiling of the stable is twenty-five feet from the floor of the coach-house, and the length of the stable is one hundred and ten feet. It is finished in light oak, oiled to show the grain, and the boxes are made of oak with brass trimmings. The railing on top of the woodwork of the stalls and boxes is very handsome, and the brasses are of an elegant pattern. The oak ceiling is laid in block pattern with inch beaded plank with heavy grooved sub-girders. A deep silver papier-maché frieze of exquisite design connects the ceilings and the painted walls above the high oak wainscoting. Three very large stable lamps, held by nickel chains, hang in the centre of the stable. These, with the smaller lamps on the side of the stable, give an abundance of light at night.

By referring to the illustration there will be seen on the east side of the stable, about midway, the place for washing the wagons after they return from a trip behind those fleet steppers, all blanketed in the boxes. Most of them have records around 2.17, and it is Mr. Work's boast that he does not own a horse that wears a boot or weight. The washing-place is just big enough for a road-wagon to stand on. The floor is of cement, sloping to the centre, where a drain-pipe covered with a piece of perforated iron takes off the dirty water. The water used in washing comes from three small nozzles sunk into an immense slab of granite let into the oak wainscoting even with the top of the stalls. An immense nozzle with fire-hose attachment could furnish water in case of fire.

But it is on the upper floor of the stable proper

that Mr. Work has lavished all the comforts and luxuries that skill could devise or money buy. Here you find a sitting-room, a bed-room, and a dining-room, finished in wild cherry, oiled to show the exquisite grain of the wood, and beautifully carved. You enter through a half-way wainscoted nearly to the ceiling. Here is a rack to receive the hats and coats, and the hall is lighted by a single brass chandelier. Space will not permit an extended description. The dining-room contains an immense sideboard buffet built into the wall, with an enormous French plate mirror reaching to the ceiling over it. A shelf crosses the mirror about half-way up, and on it stands a beautiful silver cup won by some of Mr. Work's horses. The upper parts of the walls and ceiling are painted a straw design in light Pompeian red. The bed-room and sitting-room are both wainscoted in wild cherry and furnished with every comfort. Large open fireplaces in the bed-room and sitting-room, with brass andirons supporting grates, give a cheery, home-like feeling to the rooms. The gas in the whole suite of rooms is lighted by electricity. At the hall door is a button to light the gas, and Mr. Work, by buttons arranged on either side of his bed, can light or extinguish the gas. The carpets of the entire suite are of Axminster.

Mr. Robert Bonner, whose name is known the country over as the owner of the fastest horses in the world, has placed his stable—good Presbyterian that he is—just back of Dr. John Hall's Church, on Fifty-fifth Street near Fifth Avenue. Mr. Bonner's residence is on Fifty-sixth Street, and he can walk through a covered bridge from his house to his stable. A high stone wall, topped by iron railings, shuts off the stable from the street. The stable is in the shape of a parallelogram, and being in the centre of two lots, it gives room for an exercising walk around it. The corners of the stable are smoothly rounded to prevent the horses hurting themselves in case they get loose from the groom. "The stable was built," said Mr. Bonner, "to give every comfort and convenience to the horses, but not for outside show. To the right are the harness-cases, filled with the lightest and most expensive road harness. The case doors are of large plate glass in black walnut frames to correspond with the finishings of the rest of the stable. There are ten large, roomy box stalls, under-drained, and with every possible comfort for their equine occupants. The ventilation is perfect, and the air is as sweet as out-doors. Plenty of light comes from large windows on the two sides of the stable, arranged to give every stall an outlook. The horses in Mr. Bonner's stable represent a fortune to many men. Just think of a forty-one-thousand-dollar horse which, if Mr. Bonner would sell her, would easily bring a couple of hundred thousand!

On the same side of Fifty-fifth Street as Mr. Bonner's, but nearer Sixth Avenue, stands the stable of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the great Standard Oil magnate. Here, while there is but little show, there is everything wanted to make the life of his pets a happy one. We enter directly into the carriage-room containing a light road-wagon, a brougham, a landau, a T cart, and a victoria. The plate-glass harness cases reaching to the ceiling are filled with coach and cart harness. A large stove gives what heat is needed for the stable. In the stable proper are five boxes and three stalls. The boxes are roomy and comfortable, and fitted up in hard wood with iron fixings. Mr. Rockefeller keeps the majority of his trotters at his magnificent home in Cleveland, as the pavements in New York are death to horses' feet. The carriage team, a pair of beautiful high-stepping browns, are noted for their finish and style even in this city of fine horses.

On the opposite side of the street, still nearer Sixth Avenue, three stories of pressed brick with granite trimmings and figured ground glass windows give Mr. William Rockefeller's stable a most imposing appearance. Heavy carved-oak doors with glass panels slide smoothly back and admit you into a carriage-room containing a T cart, brougham, coupé, landau, omnibus with glass sides, two light road-wagons, and an exercising cart. The flooring of the carriage-house is oiled light oak, showing the grain of the wood, and in keeping with the stairway, closets, stables, and harness-cases. The sides of the walls are of glazed tiles. The nine open boxes and six wide stalls are perfectly ventilated, furnished with light from a skylight let into the roof, and are so well drained that there is no smell when you go into them. Back of the stable is a wash-room, with a walking-path

for bad weather and closets for the many uses of a perfectly-appointed stable.

Any description of the stables of New York would be incomplete without a mention of that of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, on Fifty-eighth Street, near Madison Avenue. It is two stories high and built of pressed brick and granite. The lower floor is of rough-hewn granite and the upper floor of brick and granite with graceful columns of terra-cotta. The front doors of the stable are solid pieces of carved oak, oiled to show the grain, and swing on magnificent heavy brass hinges. The floor of the coach-house, occupying the entire front of the stable, is oiled oak in herring-bone design, and the walls are finished with glazed tiles. The ceiling is of quartered oak with iron girders. The carriage-room contains an omnibus with the entire sides of solid pieces of French plate-glass, a D'Orsay, a coupé, a landau, a mail phaeton—Mr. Vanderbilt's favorite carriage, and to which he drives a high-acting pair of sorrels. Then follows a victoria, a brougham, a game-cart, and Master Alfred Vanderbilt's village cart. Back of the carriages hang eight bearskin robes, one natural seal, eight plush robes, on brass rods in brass crabs. On the right wall of the coach house are steel crabs for holding the extra poles for the different carriages. At the back of the coach-room are the harness-cases, wide enough for a man to walk in comfortably, and filled with the very finest and most expensive carriage harness. On the left-hand wall is a bit-case filled with every conceivable kind and style of bit.

The stable proper is to the rear and contains four large boxes with eight stalls. The oiled live-oak floor is neatly sanded, and in small brass-bound tubs at the intersection of every box and stall grow little evergreen trees. On the stall-posts are brass supports for holding extra halters made of white woven rope with brass snaps and tied through the supporting reins in a true-lover's-knot. On the right is a spiral staircase leading to the feed-gallery. At the foot of the staircase is a feed-room, with a self-screening cleaner for the feed. Mr. Vanderbilt's taste in horses runs to good style and action rather than speed, and all the horses in the stable are perfectly bitted, with high cobby action and finish. There is absolutely no odor in the stable, and the light comes down through a skylight, flooding the stable with sunshine.

Amateurs Afield and Afloat.

To a certain extent college athletes and athletics languish during the winter months. From the end of the foot-ball season to the beginning of the Easter recess there is little chance for out-door work, in New England, at any rate, and the men who at the beginning of the college year were so prominently before their fellow-students, almost entirely disappear from sight. Not that they are altogether idle, for the more enthusiastic and conscientious are toiling hard in the dry and trying routine of gymnasium work, but they are not so much before the eye of the public.

At Harvard the long, bleak winter is apparently at an end. The candidates for the baseball nine are practicing on Jarvis field, the men trying for the athletic team are beginning to stick the spikes of their shoes in the earth once more, and, as the newspaper reporter says, the oarsmen are digging with their oars big holes in the turbulent waters of the Charles River. This out-door work will continue until a heavy March snow-storm drives the men back to the gymnasium again. And so it will continue, back and forth, for some weeks, very likely.

Within the last few years the amount of work done by the candidates for college athletic teams has greatly increased, and many men are now in training almost all the year. The beginning of the competition always comes, with the exception of foot-ball, in-doors. The base-ball men commence in the cage, the oarsmen in the rowing-room and the tank, and the runners and jumpers in the gymnasium. It is this part of the athlete's life which is illustrated on page 195, and of which this article treats.

The rowing-tank and base-ball cage at Harvard are in the Carey athletic building, which is situated just across Holmes field from the gymnasium proper. After spending the first few weeks of the season on the rowing machines, which are in the gymnasium, the candidates go into the tank. There they are closely watched, and the most promising ones only are afterward taken on the water. For many weeks Captain Davis, of the Harvard University crew, has had his men in the imitation boat, which is rigged up in the rowing-tank, and has got on so well with them that five or six of the places in the shell are filled for the rest of the year.

Only two old men are rowing, Captain Davis

himself and Fennessy, who stroked the eight last year. The latter, although a freshman, proved himself the best stroke-oar Harvard has had for many a year, and most people will be surprised to learn that this spring he has been changed to number seven, on the opposite side of the boat. Bullard, a sophomore, who has never rowed before, is now stroking the crew, and will continue to do so if he shows up as well on the water as he has in the tank. The Harvard coaches account for this radical change by saying that in past years the great trouble with Cambridge crews has been that stroke and seven have never rowed well together. They think, apparently, that it is easier to find a fairly good stroke than a satisfactory seven. Fennessy, they say, can follow the stroke beautifully. Consequently he will row seven unless Bullard decidedly falls off.

The crew is now arranged as follows: Bullard, stroke; Fennessy, seven; Davis, six; Blake, five; Townsend, four; Murchie, three; Brewer, two; Purdon, bow. Nearly all these men are new to intercollegiate contests. Another striking thing about them is that their average weight is only one hundred and sixty-four pounds, which is much less than the usual Harvard or Yale oarsman has weighed. Harvard, then, will have a light crew this year. The explanation of this fact is undoubtedly to be found in the relations which Courtney, the old professional oarsman and Cornell coach, now bears toward Harvard rowing. Last fall Courtney went to Cambridge and passed two weeks in looking over the candidates and making suggestions. It has never been announced that he would coach the Harvard crew this year, and he has had no public connection with it this spring, but everything shows that his influence is in the atmosphere, and no one will be surprised to see him at the Harvard quarters at New London. Meanwhile most of the coaching has been done by Perkins, the coach of the victorious '91 crew. Keyes, '87, has also been seen occasionally at Cambridge.

The Harvard nine, as regards old material, is in a condition worse than that of the crew. Of the men who helped defeat Yale last year only one is eligible this spring, and it is doubtful whether he (Cook) will play. Captain Wiggin pitched in the Princeton games, and Dickinson and Corbett played the year before. New and untried men must be developed. The candidates have been coached in the cage by Keefe, the professional ball-player, who looks after not only the pitchers but the players generally. Everything connected with the nine is in an unsettled state, and it will take weeks of out-door work to determine the best men for the vacant places. Wiggin and A. Highlands will undoubtedly do the pitching. The latter, although not so good a man as his brother, is effective, and Wiggin has proved himself a good man.

Corbett is at present the best of the catchers, although O'Malley, who was behind the bat for the freshman team last year, is a promising player and may fill the same position on the 'varsity nine. Dickinson will play first base, and Cook, if he comes out, will cover third; but nothing else is settled. Although the team will be strong enough in fielding, it will be weak in hitters, and Carter of Yale will have little difficulty in keeping base-hits scattered. In the cage the practice has consisted in handling batted balls, sliding to bases, and other elements of the game. There are half a dozen pitchers at work and about the same number of catchers. Every afternoon they receive the attention of Keefe. When the regular out-door games have begun, the team will undoubtedly be coached by Winslow, '85, who has been so prominent in Harvard base-ball for the last ten years, and also by Smith, '86. The team will take no Easter trip, but will put in all the time possible at home getting in condition for the games which come later. Only a small part of the schedule has yet been arranged, but that includes games with Yale and Princeton.

The winter practice of the candidates for the track and field athletic team is of a much more general nature than that followed by men trying for the other organizations. The runners and jumpers do a good deal of work with the chest-weights, dumb-bells, and similar apparatus. The great trouble in years gone by was to give the men a chance to run. In the gymnasium there is a track, but it is so short that a runner would become dizzy before he could cover a mile, and a couple of years ago Mr. Lathrop, the instructor in athletics, had built a small and narrow board track. This was placed just outside the gymnasium and kept clear from snow so that the candidates might run out of doors all winter. That idea has grown, and during the winter just past a wide track a sixth of a mile long was built. It extends from the law school on one end to the extreme point of the physical laboratory on the other. On this,

sprinters, middle and long-distance runners and hurdlers have been able to get regular practice.

Last year, in track and field athletics, Harvard defeated Yale in Cambridge, but the New Haven team was victorious in New York. This season Mr. Lathrop and Captain Wheelwright are sanguine of having a better team and making a better showing than last year. Some good men have been lost, but Garcelon, Shea, Sherwin, Wheelwright, Bloss, Merrill, and Eliot make the nucleus for a strong combination, and some of the strange faces will soon be found in the front ranks; in fact, Mr. Lathrop thinks he has two or three "stars" under his care.

The interior of the Hemenway gymnasium on a winter or early spring afternoon is a very busy place. The athletic team this year has between three and four hundred candidates, for Mr. Lathrop encourages every man in the university to try for a place. All these men are carried along until the spring is well advanced, and, whether they get on the team or not, they certainly get valuable exercise. They are divided into three classes, one of which meets in the morning and two in the afternoon. Besides these, there are always a number of men who are training for the in-door winter meetings of the athletic association, and wrestling, vaulting, and rope work are always going on.

The Troy Tragedy.

THE municipal election held March 6th in Troy was marked by a tragedy which has roused the citizens to a degree never equaled in that ring-ridden city since the war of the Rebellion. The outrageous disregard for law which has long characterized Troy elections culminated last week in the cruel murder of Robert Ross, a prominent young resident, who was connected with the Ross Valve Company. William Ross, his brother, narrowly escaped death at the same time, and he now lies at his home with a dangerous bullet wound in the head.

The Ross boys, with a large number of citizens, were protecting the people's rights at the polls in one of the districts of the Thirteenth Ward. The strife was bitter, and a persistent



ROBERT ROSS.

Photograph by Hardy & Van Arnam.

effort was made to introduce repeaters in the interest of Molloy, the regular Democratic candidate, who is a cousin of United States Senator Murphy. Equally determined were the citizens, with whom Robert and William Ross were associated.

When a thug demanded ballots and offered to vote on the name of one of the residents of the ward who at that time was in the polling-place, there was a vigorous protest, and the repeater was hurried into the street. Such was the advice of Governor Flower, who, when he refused to sign the Troy non-partisan inspectors bill, said to the delegation of citizens who petitioned him to grant his executive approval: "Haven't you got watchers? Well, let them watch. If a repeater comes around drive him away."

But the repeaters had confederates, at the head of which were Bartholomew (alias "Bat") Shea, John McGough, and "Jerry" Cleary. Revolvers were quickly drawn, shots were fired into the crowd, and in a short time Robert Ross was killed and three others were shot.

An eye-witness states that Robert Ross fell, and while his face was on the ground Shea fired a bullet into Ross's brain. John Boland, a Republican watcher, and a friend of the Ross boys, with others attempted to capture the leaders of the repeaters. Later in the day Boland was arrested, though the facts thus far brought out fail to connect him with the case. Shea and McGough were slightly wounded. Shea was also arrested.

William Ross, in his account of the tragedy, says that neither he nor his murdered brother carried a revolver. He alleges that McGough shot him, and that when his brother Robert ran after McGough, "Bat" Shea shot Robert.

On Friday the funeral of Robert Ross was held and thousands throughout the city honored

the martyr of liberty. Stores and factories were closed during the services and flags hung at half-staff on all the public buildings. It is estimated that nearly five thousand persons were on the street, unable to gain admittance to the church where the funeral was held. The deceased was highly respected, prominent in church work, and was to be married in about two weeks.

Although the excitement which ran high on election day soon subsided, the tragedy is still the foremost topic in Troy, where Thursday night indignant citizens held two monster mass-meetings. The patriotic speeches were followed by the formation of a committee of one hundred to request the co-operation of the Governor and to push the prosecution of the criminals.

It is believed that the wave of indignation started by this brutal murder will result in the overthrow of the ring, and will bring about the desire made known by William Ross, that the promise of a pure ballot shall be given as a monument to the young patriot.

The After-Lenten Season at Atlantic City.

AT this time, when society is about to make its after-Lenten descent upon Atlantic City, unusual interest centres upon the hotels of this city of hotels. Of its six hundred hotels and boarding-houses but a limited number command an unobstructed view of the sea or a close proximity to the Boardwalk. Of these, most popular and prominent are the Brighton, Traymore, Dennis, Shelburne, Chalfonte, and Seaside. From this statement it is not to be inferred that there are not excellent hotels at Atlantic City other than these mentioned, which, however, are the ones that enjoy the greatest popularity with the critical and discriminating public that bestows upon them its patronage.

High in favor with New York people is the Hotel Brighton, and Proprietor Hemsley serves dinner at the New York hour. The majority of the other leading hotels at Atlantic City follow the Southern custom of dinner at noon. The Brighton, winter or summer, is most comfortable and attractive. It has sun-parlors on three sides, while the centre of the main hall is one large sitting-room, cheerful with open fires and charmingly cozy with easy-chairs and divans. The immense dining-room, opening into it from one direction, is beautiful in white and gold. One wing of the first floor is a succession of reading-, writing-, and reception-rooms, ending in a large parlor luxuriously furnished, commanding a superb view of the sea. The other wing is devoted to a practical clubhouse, with billiard-parlor, smoking-rooms, and café. Everything essential to a perfect hotel is characteristic of the Brighton, otherwise it would not have the patronage and the popularity it commands with such people as J. Hooker Hammersley, Judge Noah Davis, Judge Barrett, Comptroller Meyers, ex-District Attorney Delancy Nicoll, William S. Elkins, P. A. B. Simson and family, Mrs. Hiram Sibley of Rochester, William M. Crump, the famous ship-builder; David W. Seller, Augustus Heaton, Clay Kemble and family, Stuart Wilson, J. F. Armstrong and family, H. J. Sullivan and family, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson-Hoopes, G. W. Elkins and family, Louis Dreka, T. L. Holt of Providence, and leading families of Baltimore, Montreal, Toronto, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and other cities, who have engaged accommodations for the Easter season.

One naturally associates with the Hotel Brighton the Brighton Casino (pictured by Mr. Clinedinst in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY of March 8th), an institution dedicated to the comfort and pleasure of the élite, and complete with shuffle-board room, bowling-alley, swimming-pool, salt-water baths, a children's play-room, luxurious lounging- and reading-rooms, sun-parlors directly over the wave-lapped beach and commanding a view of the Boardwalk for miles, and the sea for leagues; an exquisite ball-room where of evenings the Imperial Russian Band discourses bewitching music for those who dance and those who listen in enchanted ease.

One of the oldest and best-known hotels at Atlantic City is the Dennis. It has been completely remodeled, enlarged, and refurnished, and presents externally a most imposing appearance, with its turreted wings and its broad expanse of sun-parlor front; while within the atmosphere is charming and cheerful. A sumptuous sun-parlor commanding an unobstructed view of the ocean. Open fires and tropical plants contribute to the air of luxuriousness. The remodeled hotel has every improvement—electric lights, steam heat, and porcelain baths. The rooms in the front of the house have delightful alcoves in the turrets, constituting little parlors in themselves. It has always been popular with Washington, Philadelphia, and

Baltimore people, and the following names are to be found on its register each season: John M. Crane, president Shoe and Leather Bank of New York; Justice Harlan, U. S. Supreme Court, Washington, D. C.; William P. Henzey, Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia; Colonel M. R. Muckle and William V. McKeen, of the *Public Ledger*; Professor J. Brown Guode, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.; Rev. P. S. Moxom, Boston; Professor George W. Filter, Philadelphia; Judge Fitzgerald, New York; Judge J. I. Clarke Hare, Philadelphia; Judge J. W. Over, Pittsburg; John Bogart, State Engineer, New York.

No hotel is more firmly established in the favor of its guests than the Shelburne. They include some of the best-known people in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York. Quiet, it is, in the truest sense of the word, but pervaded everywhere by a delightful, home-like atmosphere, and its guests enjoy a degree of sociability which is akin to that of a private drawing-room. The furnishings are in a style of subdued elegance, and, in spite of its high social standing, it is very moderate in its charges; and this with every convenience, including passenger elevator, hot and cold sea-water baths, and close proximity to the ocean. On the register of the Shelburne this year will be found the autographs of the Misses Biddle, Miss Bateman, James Bateman, Jr., Charles B. Hopkins, Charles R. Hopkins, Judge George W. Dallas, Judge Theodore F. Jenkins, Captain John R. Green, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Kitchen, of Philadelphia; C. Ferris Pitt, Thomas E. Bond, Thomas Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Baer and others, of Baltimore; G. Nelson, president of the Seaboard National Bank of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, of New York; and representative families of Boston.

The Traymore is half a stone's throw from the beach, and its lawns run down to the Boardwalk, next to the Brighton Casino, the centre of social activity in all seasons, and especially during the after-Lenten period, when the Traymore is filled to its utmost capacity of three hundred guests with the best people of the large Eastern cities, and especially of New York. Casually glancing through its register one finds such names as Theodore Voorhis, manager of the Lehigh Valley Railroad; George T. Wilson, assistant secretary of the Equitable Life Insurance Company; J. Ashton Green, of Philadelphia; Dr. E. P. Foote, of New York, and the Misses Morrell, of New York.

Entering the Traymore at the Illinois Avenue entrance, one is instantly impressed with the coziness, comfort, and luxury everywhere evidenced in the corridors, reception-rooms, grand parlor, and dining-hall. Ideal ease finds here its home, and Messrs. Green & White find each year an increased patronage as proof of an appreciation of their efforts to make the Traymore perfect in every appointment.

The Chalfonte, at the ocean end of North Carolina Avenue, has a dainty appearance within and without—within, tropical plants, open fires, small and large reception-rooms, and ample sun-parlors that look out on the ocean; without, broad verandas and level lawns. From the windows of nearly all its rooms can be seen the famous Boardwalk, the beach, the wide sea, and the "ships that pass in the" day. Artesian well water, passenger elevator, sea-water baths, gas, electric call-bells, and all other essentials of a well-appointed hotel, are characteristic of the Chalfonte, and Messrs. E. Roberts & Son, who with their wives attend personally to the management, have the permanent patronage at their strictly-temperance hostelry of such people as Professor George Forbes, of London, England; Mr. Crump, of Shrieve, Crump & Lowe, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Cope and John S. Cope, Germantown, Pennsylvania; Mrs. McAdoo, wife of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy; E. L. Rogers, president of the Commercial Exchange Bank of Philadelphia; the famous Rev. J. P. E. Kunkler, of Pittsburg; Professor James of the Pennsylvania University; Mr. George Howe, of Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. Dr. Sprigg, of Richmond, Virginia, and Mrs. N. G. Kirk, of Chicago. It used to be said of the Chalfonte that the only way to obtain rooms there was by inheritance.

The Seaside this year has about seven thousand dollars' worth of increased beauty and capacity, sumptuous appointments and practical improvements, such as an elevator that runs to the sidewalk level for guests to whom stairs are wearisome, an incandescent lighting system, an interior exquisitely beautiful, superbly furnished reading- and drawing-rooms, and a sun-parlor at the Boardwalk at the end of the north wing, which extends to the beach. In the hard times of last year Mr. Evans's hotel enjoyed a prosperity greater than that of the year before, and this year, unless all signs fail, he will entertain more guests than at any previous season in his experience, which extends back to the beginning of the city, with whose growth and improvement he has been prominently identified. Among the prominent people who permanently patronize the Seaside may be found the names of John D. Crimmins, of New York; E. M. Fulton and family; Rev. Mr. Corey, the Halsteads and Blakeleys, of the Delaware, Lakawanna and Western Railroad; Benjamin H. Shoemaker, Philadelphia; George H. Burford, president of the United States Insurance Company of New York; Rev. William G. Powers and wife, of

Washington; Dr. J. A. Phillips, of Pittsburg; Senator Jacobs and family, of Brooklyn; the Merediths of Massachusetts, and Dr. Burns and Dr. O'Reilly of Toronto.

The Isleworth will present to its friends this year several improvements which will make it more capable of accommodating the rush of custom which it enjoys from those who find it especially desirable by reason of its location at the ocean end of Virginia Avenue. It has a sun-parlor directly on the Boardwalk, is heated by steam, supplied with pure spring water, and hot and cold sea-water baths are near at hand. The proprietors are Mr. Frank Buck and Mr. Alfred C. McLellan, who have the patronage of an increasing list of guests who enjoy a social unity of their own. They are as a general thing well known to one another, and the additions to their number are from the circle of their friends and acquaintances. This develops a peculiarly attractive atmosphere about the Isleworth, which has an extremely moderate scale of prices. The sea view from this hotel is unobstructed and forms one of its most attractive features. It has about one hundred and twenty-eight sleeping-apartments, numerous reception- and card-rooms in addition to its ample corridors, parlor and sun-parlor.

Training Animals.

THE training of all kinds of animals rests necessarily upon the bond of sympathy which must exist between the trainer and the animals. The latter will do anything for a friend, but will never obey any one whom they dislike or mistrust. Of course the animals most easily trained are those in the domestic family, which are the companions and friends of man—the horse and the dog. There is hardly anything the intelligence of these dumb brutes cannot be trained to do. Horses, as we see them in the circus-ring and in other shows, form all sorts of figures, waltz, ring tuned bells, fire guns, hunt and find handkerchiefs in the sawdust, and even hide the handkerchief for the other horse to find, displaying an almost human intelligence throughout the performance.

The easiest thing to teach dogs to do, of course, is to jump. It is easy because they like it. And in addition to this all sorts of masquerading in queer suits of clothes give the canines as much amusement as the audience.

If you will notice, all animals are managed in the show-ring with the whip, and in the case of horses and larger animals two whips are used. That in the right hand is usually held high up in the air, where the animal can see it, and that in the left hand generally trails upon the ground. The right hand gives the command and the left orders the change. The whip is used authoritatively only—that is, it is seldom used to chastise, but all dumb animals fear a blow, and the presence of the whip in the trainer's hands is an object of awe, not only holding them in check, but exacting prompt obedience as well. The whip not only governs the domestic animal, but, as seen in the Hagenbeck show, was the only defense or implement of command used by the trainers, even with the most ferocious of wild beasts. It is because the whip stands for authority and punishment in the eyes of the animals.

In handling small animals everything depends upon the extreme patience of the trainer; in fact, patience and forbearance are two indispensable qualities in handling all animals for show purposes. Without them success cannot be obtained. Naturally the smaller the natural intelligence of the animal the greater the patience needed. No one ever believed a flock of silly geese or a stupid wild boar could be trained beyond a series of cackles or grunts; nevertheless, both these feats have been lately seen here, and it would not be surprising if animals were made to talk and state whether life in the show-ring is worth having. H. P. M.

A New Cure for Asthma.

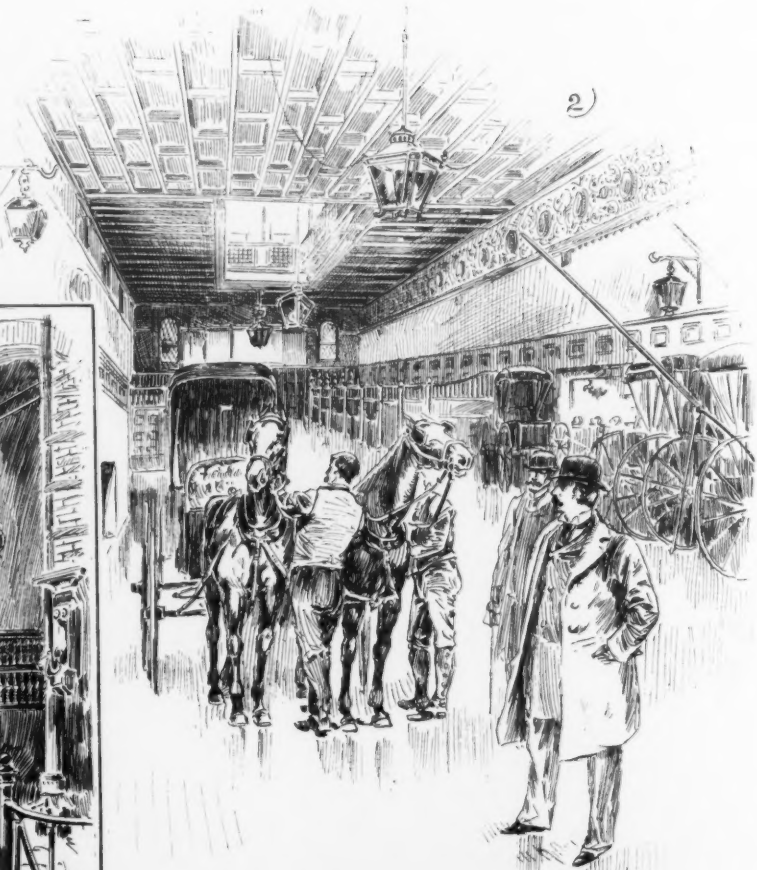
MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

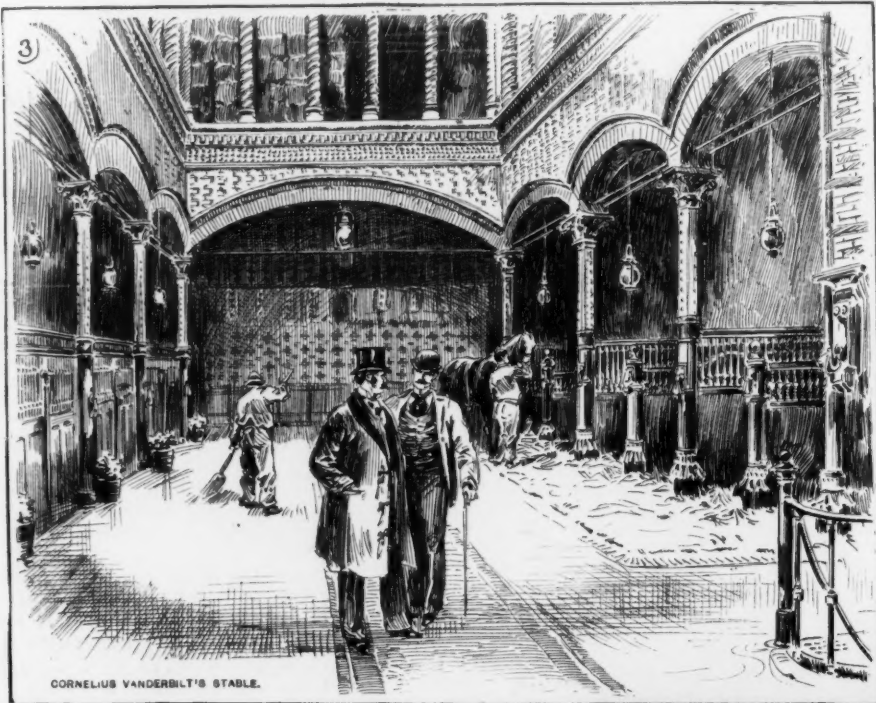
OUR readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.



FRANK WORK'S HARNESS STABLE.



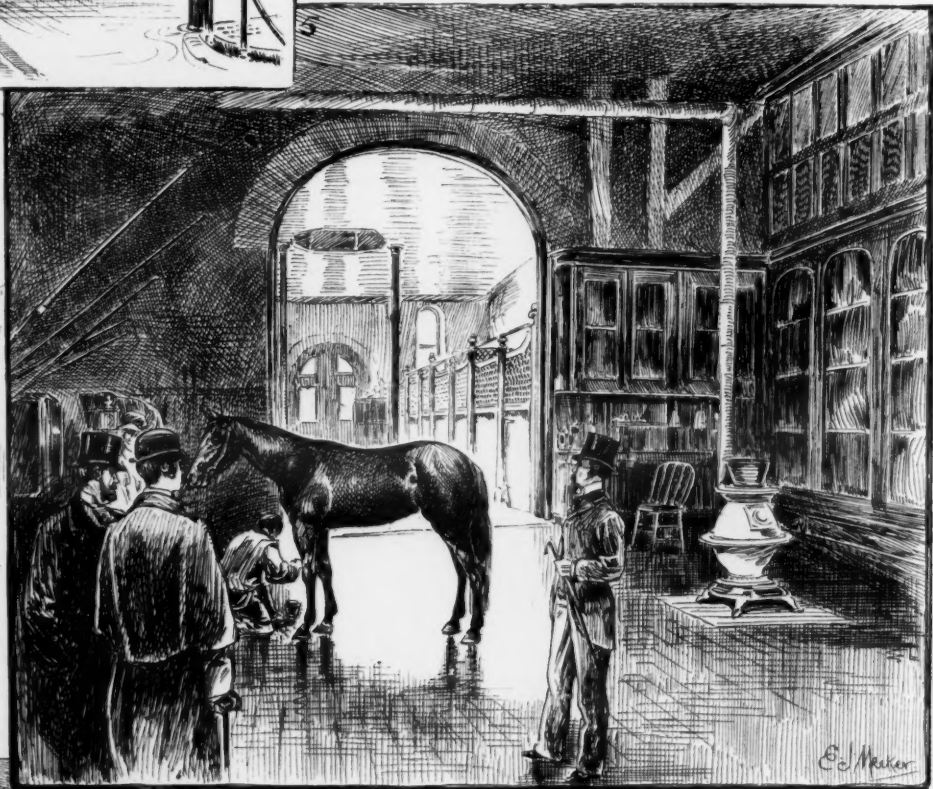
FRANK WORK'S STABLE.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S STABLE.



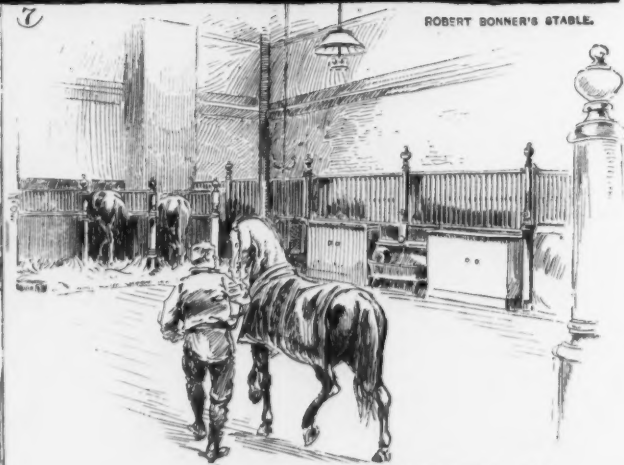
WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER'S STABLE.



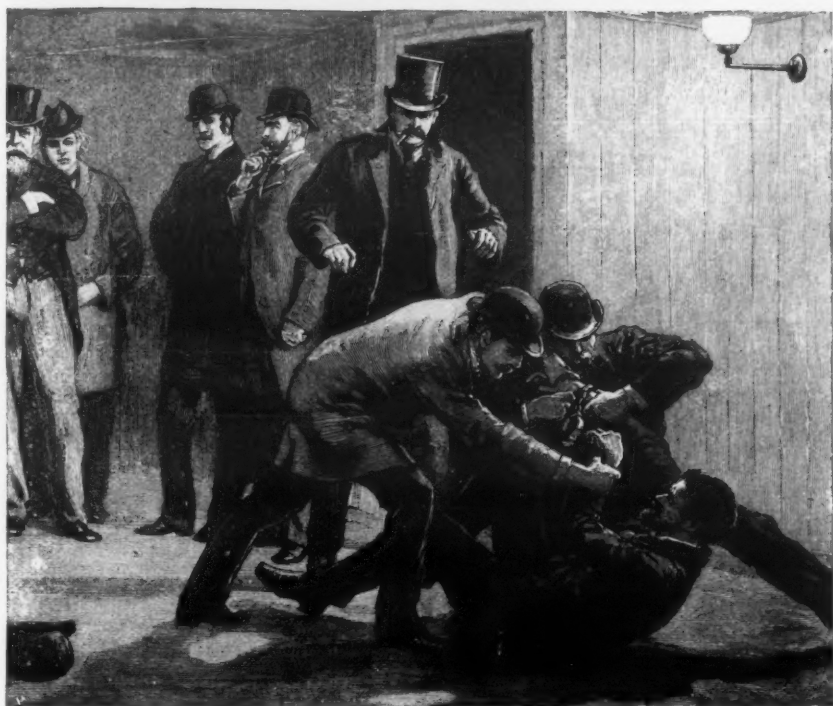
ROBERT BONNER'S STABLE.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S COACH-HOUSE.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S STABLE.



ANARCHISM IN LONDON—THE POLICE RAID ON THE CLUB AUTONOMIE—A STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.



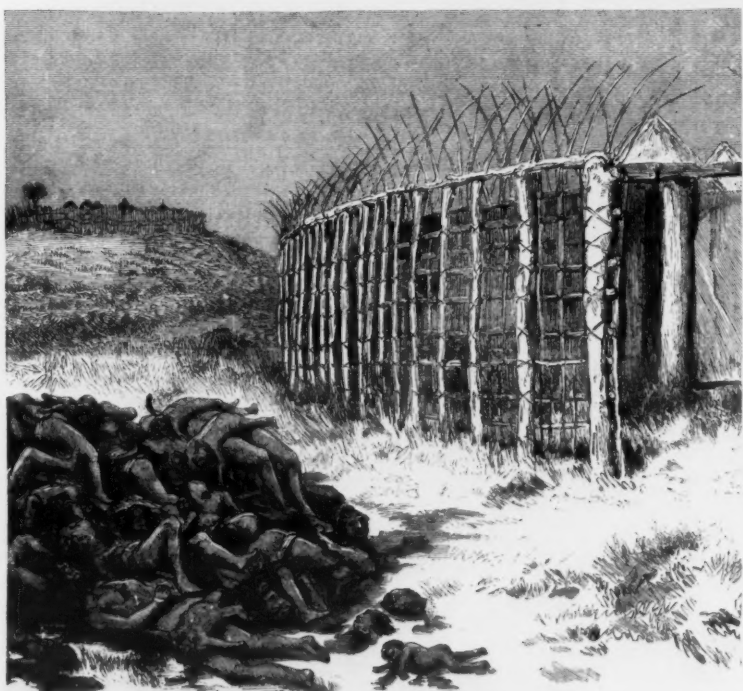
A PATROL OF A FINNISH REGIMENT (SHARPSHOOTERS).



VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PRINCE BISMARCK—ARRIVAL AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.



A PRICKING - SLEDGE RACE AT HINDELOUP, IN HOLLAND.



THE EXPEDITION AGAINST A SOFA STRONGHOLD, WEST AFRICA—THE SCENE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE FIFTH OF THE STOCKADED CAMPS AT KA-YIMA.



ANARCHISTS IN LONDON—THE FUNERAL OF MARTIAL BOURDIN—AN ATTEMPT TO OUT-DISTANCE THE CROWD.

Our Foreign Pictures.

OUR page representative of foreign events contains this week the closing scene of the succession of courtesies exchanged between the German Emperor and Prince Bismarck, by which a complete reconciliation has been established and friendly intercourse renewed.—The funeral of Martial Bourdin, a young man of twenty-six, an anarchist, recently blown to pieces by a bomb which he was preparing to explode at the foot of the wall of the great Greenwich Observatory. By clever tactics the police avoided a threatened public demonstration on the occasion of the funeral. In the evening of the day of the above explosion the police executed on the anarchist club, Autonomie, the best-planned raid ever executed by the London force. Many important arrests were made and the premises thoroughly searched, with the result of a large amount of documentary matter being unearthed.—Other pictures represent a patrol of Finnish sharpshooters on skis, or native snow-shoes, a novel sledge-race in Holland, and a scene from the recent expedition against the Sofas in West Africa.

A Popular Florida Resort.

AMONG the many delightful points in Florida none possesses a greater variety of attractions than Ormond. Situated in the famous Indian River region, between the Halifax River and the ocean, with orange-groves all around it, and convenient of access by rail, being only thirty hours from New York, it is not surprising that tourist travel is setting thitherward in constantly increasing volume. The temperature is uniform, and all the conditions of the place are favorable to enjoyment. The sportsman, the invalid, the mere pleasure-seeker, all alike find here the objects of their quest. The beach at Ormond is one of the finest in the world, and so solid and firm that driving upon the sands is a favorite pleasure with all visitors. Magnificent drives extend in all directions into the surrounding country, and, to crown all, the hotel accommodations are of the very best. Ormond, being on the line of the new railroad to Lake Worth, is a convenient stopping-place for tourists en route to that tropical resort, or to other points on the Indian River; but the great majority of the visitors seldom care to go farther south when once familiar with its charms.

BRAIN fatigue from wear and tear
Speedily relieved by Bromo-Seltzer.

S. R. NILES'S BUSINESS

WILL BE CARRIED ON BY THE S. R. NILES
ADVERTISING AGENCY.

THE advertising business of the late S. R. Niles, of Boston, Massachusetts, will be carried on by The S. R. Niles Advertising Agency, which was incorporated prior to Mr. Niles's death.

The management is as follows: E. G. Niles, President; Carl G. Zerrahn, Vice-president and General Manager; J. C. Howard, Treasurer.

As a Simple, yet Effective, Remedy

for coughs, colds, and Bronchial Affections, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES stand first in public favor and confidence. They are everywhere known as an old and reliable article. Sold only in boxes, 25 cents.

ALL persons afflicted with dyspepsia find relief in Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

A NEW COOKING SCHOOL

has been started, which, recognizing the importance of having plenty of milk on hand for cooking purposes, has found its requirements fully met by Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, prepared by New York Condensed Milk Company. It highly indorses it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for *Quick Flesh Building* in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists,
New York. Sold by all druggists.



Luxuriant Hair

WITH a clean, wholesome scalp, free from irritating and scaly eruptions, is produced by the CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin-purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet and nursery. It clears the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, destroys microscopic insects which feed on the hair, soothes irritated and itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, and nourishes the roots.

Sold everywhere. Price, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "All about the Skin and Hair," free.

Balmy Breath

EVERY one who has had the pleasure of visiting the country in summer time knows how exquisite is the odor of NEW MOWN HAY, AND THE PERFUME OF WILD FLOWERS. Equally delightful is the SWEET, BALMY BREATH which is allotted to every young lady who uses

CONSTANTINE'S

PERSIAN HEALING

PINE TAR SOAP

But this is not the only advantage which this REMARKABLE PURIFYING agent affords to its patrons. It BEAUTIFIES THE TEETH and makes them SHINE LIKE PEARLS; removes from the face every trace of UNSIGHTLY ERUPTIONS; keeps the scalp FREE FROM DANDRUFF, and gives to the cheeks a fresh and

ROSE-LIKE COLOR

WHICH CHARMS ALL BEHOLDERS. This ORIGINAL AND INIMITABLE PINE TAR SOAP is for sale by druggists generally.

"It may be true what some men say.
It maun be true what a'men say."

PUBLIC OPINION
endorses Sapolio.—
It is a solid cake of scouring soap...

For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.

FINE COMPLEXION
LAIT ANTÉPHELIQUE
or Candès milk
ESTABLISHED 1849
FOTTE 51, 3p. CANDÈS, 16, B* S-Denis PARIS

LADY WANTED

at home, to assist in preparing ad-
dresses, also other writing and daily
office work. \$25 to \$30 per week entire
year. If convenient enclose stamp.
WOMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE TOILET CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. (Inc.)

COOPER'S FLORAL DENTINE.



So popular with the Ladies
for rendering their teeth
pearly white.
With the Gentlemen for
cleansing their teeth and
perfuming the breath. It
removes all traces of tobacco
smoke. Is perfectly
harmless and delicious to
the taste.
Sent by mail for 25 CENTS.
At all dealers. Send 2-cent
stamp for sample to

E. Cooper & Hardenburgh, Chemists, Kingston, N. Y.

ABNORMAL.

THERE are several new diseases
To bring poor mortals harm.
There's bicycle-riders' shoulder.
And there's the tennis arm;
But the only one that thus far
Has caromed so to speak,
On both victim and offender
Is the fly book-agent's cheek.
FLORENCE E. PRATT in Judge.

"Commend

Me



to Your Honorable Wife"

—Merchant of Venice.

and tell her that I am composed
of clarified cottonseed oil and re-
fined beef suet; that I am the
purest of all cooking fats; that
my name is

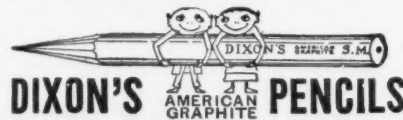
Cottolene

that I am better than lard, and
more useful than butter; that I
am equal in shortening to twice
the quantity of either, and make
food much easier of digestion.
I am to be found everywhere in
3 and 5 pound pails, but am
Made only by



THE
N. K. FAIRBANK
COMPANY

Chicago, New York, Boston,
Montreal, San Francisco,
Philadelphia, St. Louis.



DIXON'S AMERICAN PENCILS

Are unequalled for smooth, tough points.
Samples worth double the money for 16c.
Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.
Mention FRANK LEE'S WEEKLY.

THAT which makes KINOLY MEN whom wives and
sweethearts adore, FREE JERSEY INST., Jersey City, N. J.

PILES Successfully treated by a new method.
For particulars write to Lakeside
Hospital, 4123 Lake Ave., Chicago.



TAMAR

A laxative, refreshing
fruit lozenge,
very agreeable to take, for

INDIEN

Constipation,
hemorrhoids, bile,
loss of appetite, gastric
and intestinal troubles and
headache arising
from them.

GRILLON

E. GRILLON,
33 Rue des Archives, Paris
Sold by all Druggists.

THE HIGHEST AWARDS

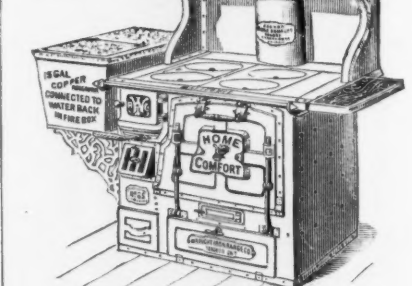
Were received at
WORLD'S
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION
BY THE
WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.

HOME COMFORT

STEEL RANGES

ETC., ETC.

STYLE
No. 65.



THIS ILLUSTRATES ONE OF THE
RANGES
RECEIVING THE
HIGHEST AWARD OVER ALL OTHERS
EXHIBITED.

Made of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT
STEEL PLATE and will LAST A
LIFETIME if properly used.

Sold ONLY BY OUR TRAVELING SALESMEN
FROM OUR OWN WAGONS throughout
the UNITED STATES and CANADAS.

SALES TO JANUARY 1st, 1894, 277,188.

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WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.

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and TORONTO, ONTARIO.

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SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF

"Home Comfort" Steel Hot-Air Furnaces.

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When you can get the Best at
Cargo prices in any Quantity.
Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets,
Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes,
Cook Books and all kinds of premiums
given to Club Agents.
Good Income made by getting
orders for our celebrated goods.
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to 20 days. No pay till cured.
DR. J. STEPHENS Lebanon, Ohio.

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On All World's Championships
which

OF '92 AND '93 WERE WON,

are the strongest wheels, as well as the lightest made.
The 23-pound road wheel and 19-pound racer are the
firmest, speediest, safest, lightest wheels known. The
RALEIGH bearings are unequalled for light-running
qualities. For catalogue address

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., 1281-3 7TH AVE., NEW YORK.
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AS GOOD AS A "BEECH-NUT" HAM.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

NEW YORK CENTRAL,
"America's Greatest Railroad."



A black and white illustration of a man in a bathrobe, sitting and eating a wafer. He holds a glass in his left hand and a bottle of Epsom salts in his right hand. The bottle is labeled 'Epsom's Salts' and 'Warranted Pure'.

Marry Your Trousers

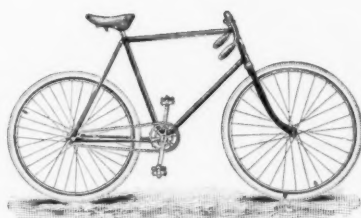
to the

TRADE
CHESTER
MARK.

and they will be comfortably supported as long as they live.

THE "CHESTER" is a suspender with an idea, viz:—enough stretch, all in the right place, and in enduring form. Our graduated elastic cord ends make it the most comfortable and serviceable suspender in the world; moreover, neat, light, and elegant. Sample pair mailed for 50 cents. The "Workers," made on same plan, 25 cents. We also make the well-known "Century." Ask for "Chester" suspenders. See the graduated elastic cord.

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., No. 9 DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.



**313-315 Broadway,
NEW YORK.**

SOZODONT

Sold by chemists at

DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO.,
Rochester, New York.

A black and white portrait of a young man with curly hair, wearing a high-collared coat and a lace-trimmed shirt. He is looking slightly to the left.

MISS MAGGIE E. MILETTE,
134 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

GRAPE JUICE.

NEW YORK--145 Broadway. SAN FRANCISCO--408 Sutter St.
NORMAN BARBOUR, Selling Agent, 77 Warren St., N. Y.

is the motto of ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N, St. Louis, Mo
O. MEYER & CO., 104 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

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how it refreshes after a long fast—how fittingly it begins all good dinners, especially if made with

Armour's Extract of BEEF

Our little Cook Book tells how to use Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces—a different soup for each day in the month. We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

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OUR INVITATION.

Call and examine our '94 line of Victors—better than ever before.

See the Latest—
New valve for Victor Pneumatic Tire.

Victoria Tilting Saddle.
Lighter and stronger hub and direct-tangent spokes.

The finest bicycle catalog ever issued tells the story.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

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NEW YORK. CHICAGO. DENVER.
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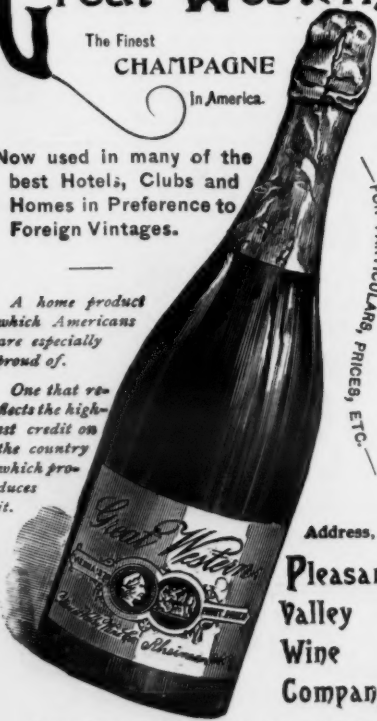
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Great Western The Finest CHAMPAGNE In America.

Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.



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Company,

RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York.
H. B. Kirk & Co., 62 FULTON STREET AND 1158
BROADWAY, NEW YORK AGENTS.

Arnold Constable & Co. LYONS

SILK-AND-WOOL MIXTURES

Popular Prices.

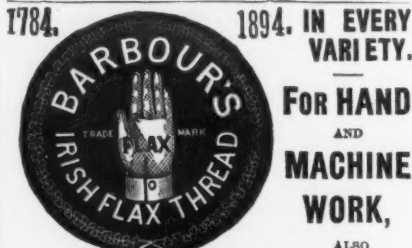
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VELOUTINE BARRÉ,
PLAIN AND FANCY VILLÉ,
VELOUTINE FAÇONNÉ,
WHITE VELOUTINE AND CORDS
FOR WEDDING GOWNS.
LIGHT SHADES FOR EVENING WEAR
AND 'BRIDESMAIDS' DRESSES.

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URBANA WINE COMPANY Gold Seal Champagne

For Sale by
all leading Wine Dealers
and Grocers.

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Button-sewing, Lace-making,
Embroidery,
OR OTHER FANCY WORK.
Sold by all Respectable Dealers throughout
the Country.
THE BARBOUR BROS. CO.,
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ASK FOR BARBOUR'S.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals

are used in the
preparation of
**W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa**

which is absolutely
pure and soluble.
It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more economical,
costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

THE PUBLIC DEMANDED

a strictly reliable high grade bicycle
and have liberally recognized the
way in which their demands have
been met in

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"HIGHEST GRADE GUARANTEED WHEELS."
Catalogue free at any Rambler Agency or by
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EARL & WILSON'S.
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.



SMALLEY

HIGH GRADE, FOUR STYLES,

WEIGHT, 20 TO 34 POUNDS.

Road Racer, Light Roadster,

Track Racer, Ladies' Wheel.

Write for Catalogue.

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AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.

THE BEST GENERAL ADVERTISING MEDIUM IS

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TO TONE ENTIRE SYSTEM, BODY AND BRAIN, USE THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

VIN MARIANI

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Endorsed by
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FOR MAGIC LANTERNS, STEREOPTICONS,
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A new machine in many important
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easily detachable front wheel brake, rat-trap
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Weight 30 pounds with, 29 without brake.

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